

# SAM & MAX FREELANCE POLICE

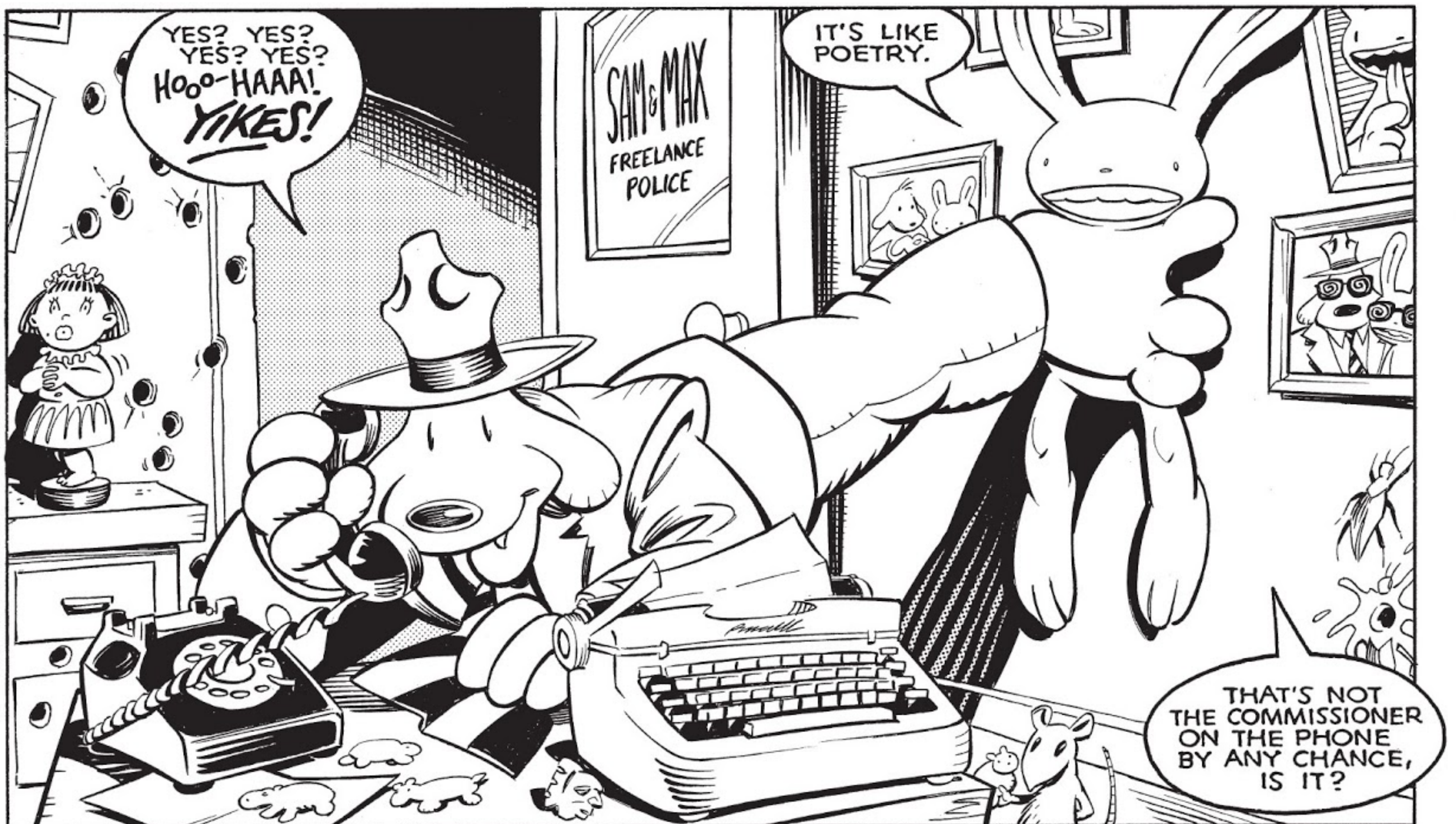
**BASED ON THE FAMED BEAT GENERATION NOVEL,  
"SAM AND MAX DRIVE AROUND IN A CAR," by  
BUCKY KEROUAC**

## CHAPTER 1: "PRISONERS of the CASBAH"

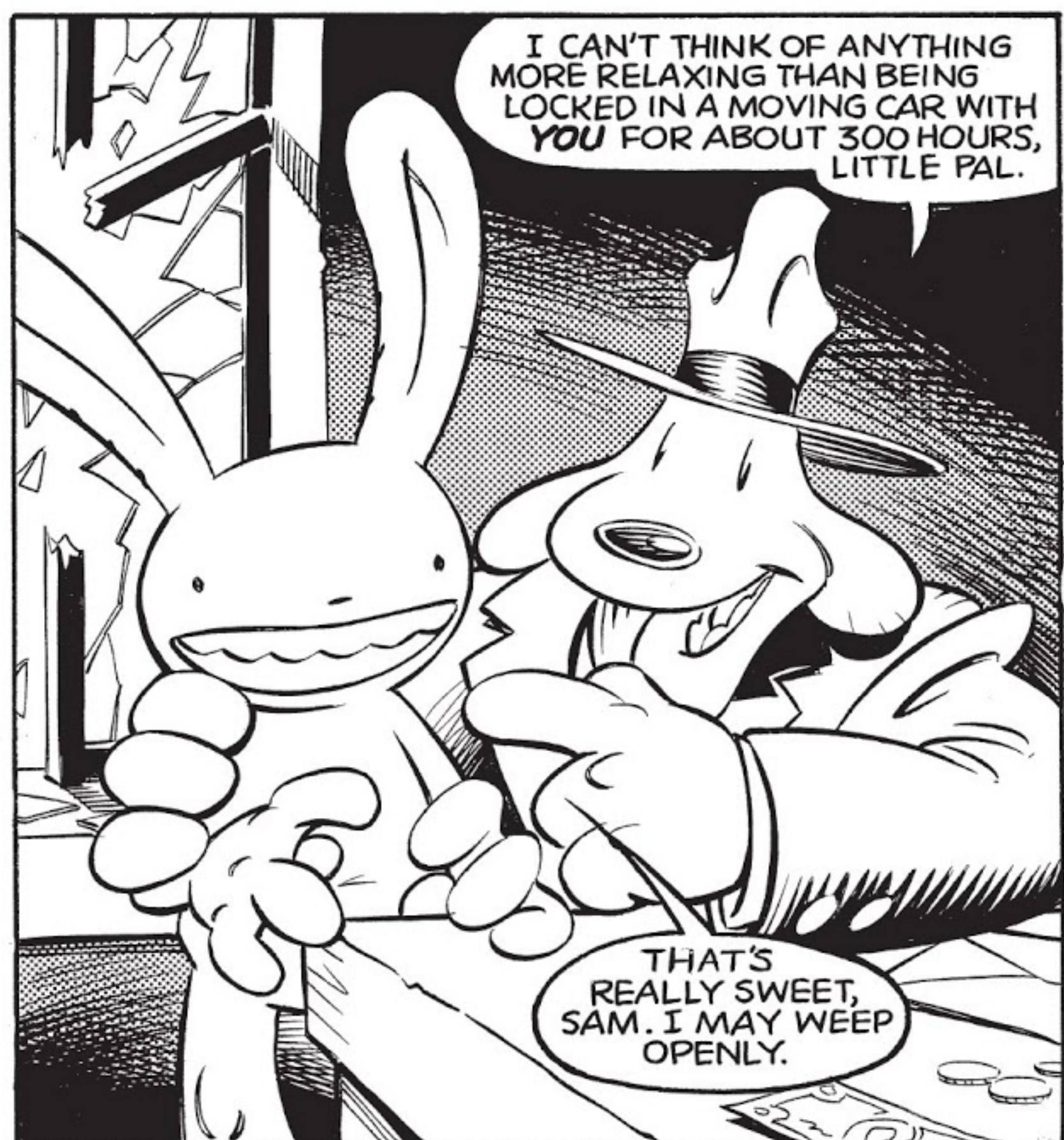
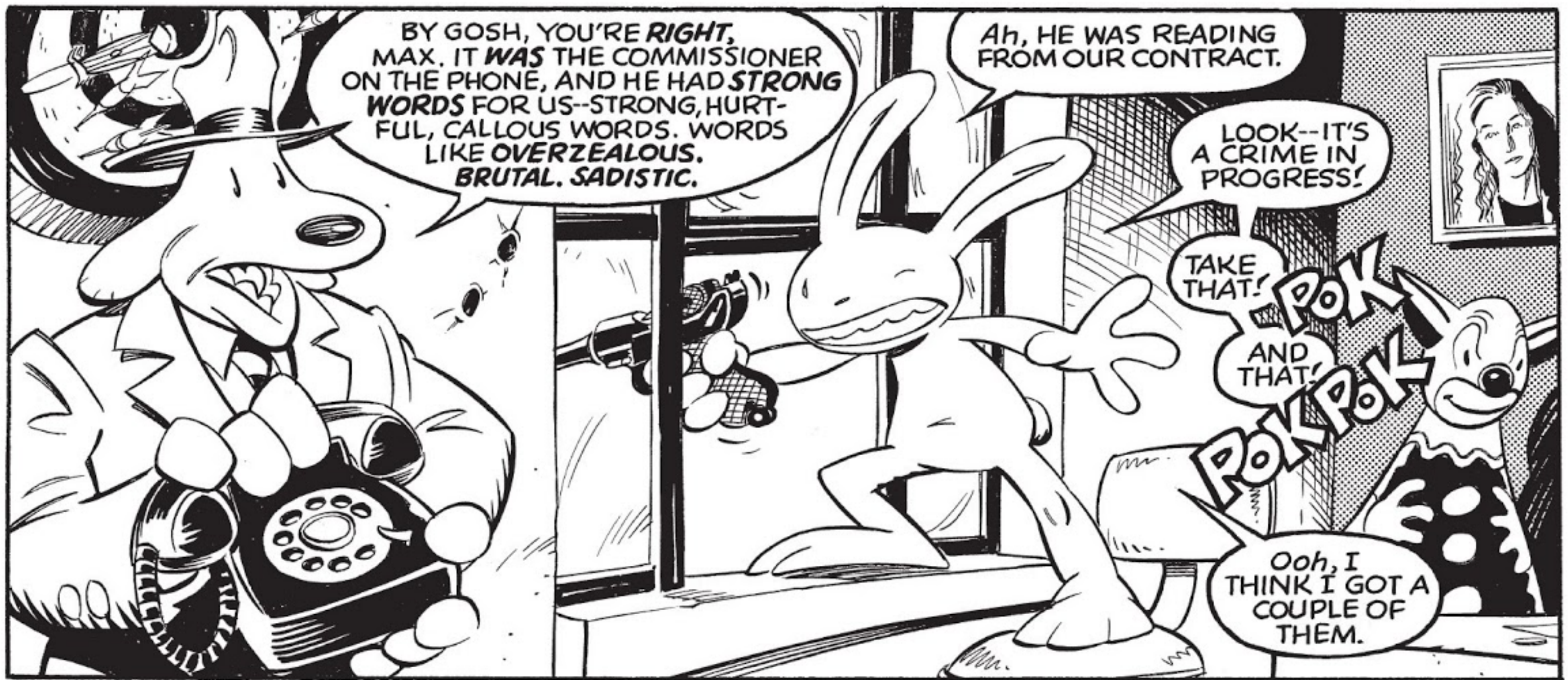
TAKE **THAT** AND  
**THAT** AND **THAT** AND  
**THAT!** **HA!** I WARNED  
YOU, DIDN'T I? DIDN'T  
I **WARN** YOU? I THOUGHT  
I WARNED YOU. I  
DIDN'T? Oh,  
SORRY.

COOL  
POPS













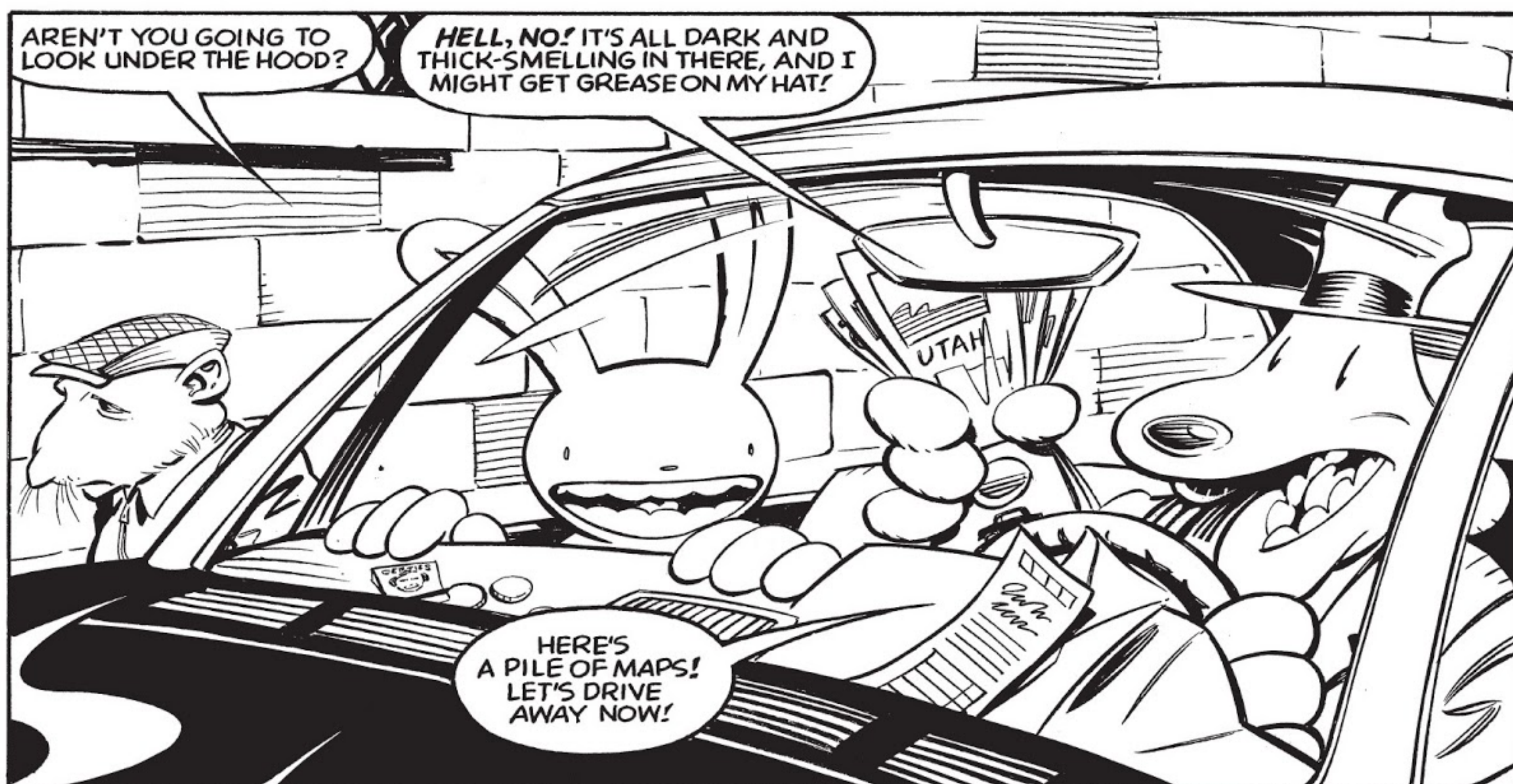


















# BREAKFAST at the DINER

Nothing could be finer  
when you're squashing cats and voles  
in Caroliner

DON'T YOU  
LOVE STOPPING  
FOR BREAKFAST  
WHEN YOU'RE ON  
THE ROAD?

I DO...  
AND SO  
DOES MY  
HAIRY LITTLE  
FRIEND.

AND MAX  
DOES, TOO.

LET'S  
HAVE A  
LOOKIE.

GREASY  
BUT SINCERE  
DINER

GIGANTIC WAITRESSES FROM  
TOWNS NAMED AFTER  
AMPHIBIANS CALLING YOU  
"DARLIN'" IN SOME KIND OF  
GOOEY ACCENT. WHAT DO  
YOU SUPPOSE THIS ONE'S  
HAIR IS MADE OF?

THERE'S THE CHAIN-SMOKING GUY  
WITH FIVE TEETH AND A SCREW-ON  
TOUPEE YAMMERING  
RELENTLESSLY AT HIS  
IMAGINARY PLAYMATE.  
MAKE EYE CONTACT  
AND YOU'VE GOT A  
FRIEND FOR LIFE!

CHOW DOWN, BUT  
HURRY! THE  
GREASE IN THE  
EGGS WILL  
LUBRICATE THE  
FOOD TUBE IN  
ANTICIPATION OF  
THE RAZOR-SHARP,  
CHARRED STRIPS  
OF SKINK-BACON!

THEN, A WARM,  
INVITING STACK  
OF HOTCAKES.  
WASH IT ALL  
DOWN WITH A  
TALL GLASS OF  
JUICE: (jōōs)  
noun 1. THE  
LIQUID PART OF  
VEGETABLES OR  
FRUITS. 2. THE  
FLUID PART OF  
AN ANIMAL BODY;  
THE BODILY  
"HUMORS"; THE  
NAMES OF DIGES-  
TIVE SECRETIONS.

ON SECOND  
THOUGHT... ASK  
FOR WATER.

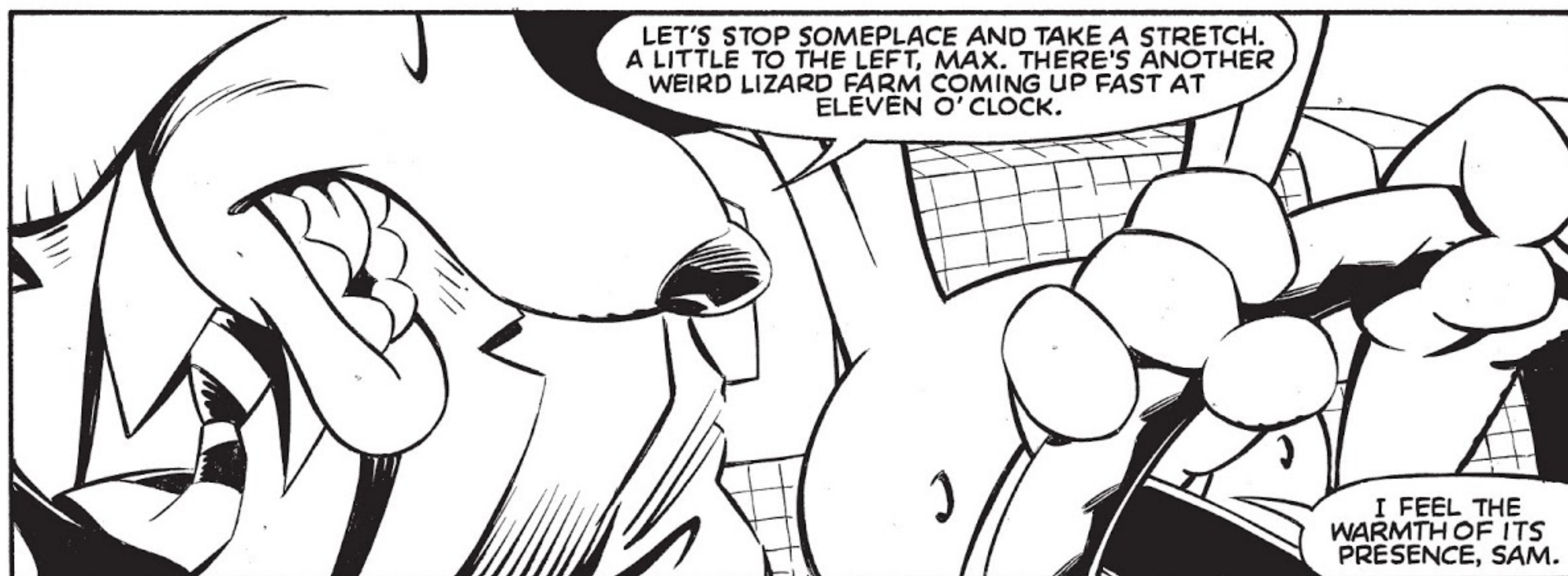
HOW MANY FORMS OF LIFE CAN BE  
FOUND IN THE GEOLOGICAL WONDER-  
LAND UNDER THE TABLE? ONE CRAWLS  
ON A PSEUDOPOD OR "FALSE FOOT."  
ANOTHER LITTLE FELLOW SQUIRTS A  
POISONOUS VENOM WHEN IRRITATED.  
AND REMEMBER: STALACTITES HOLD  
TIGHT TO THE CEILING. STALAGMITES  
MIGHT GROW UP. TRY TO KEEP ALL  
THIS STUFF OFF YOUR PANTS.

See  
you for  
LUNCH!

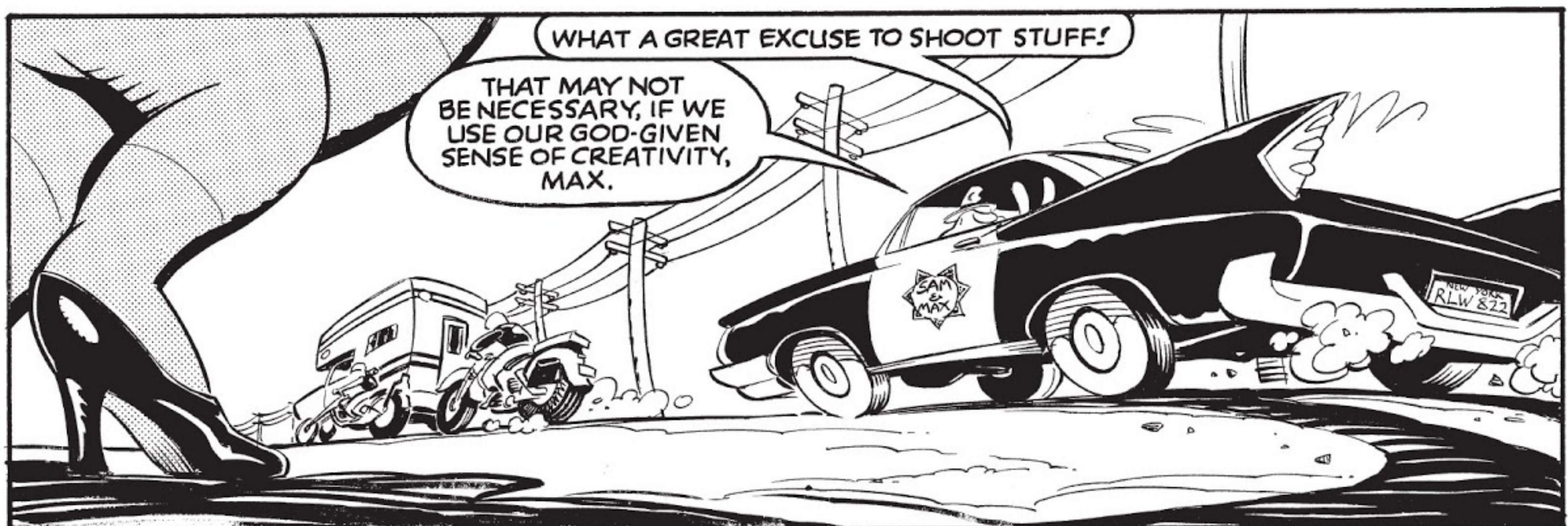
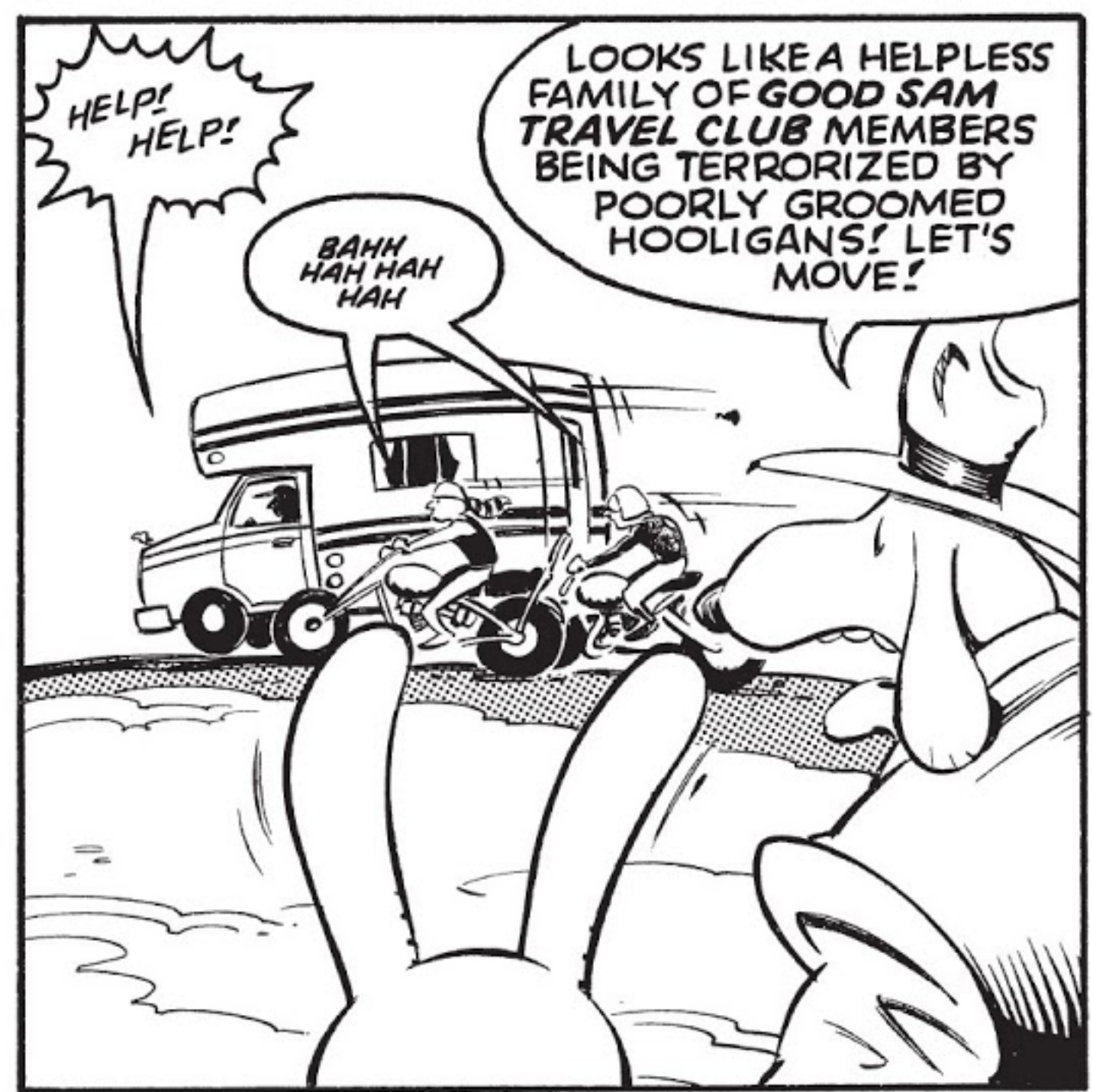
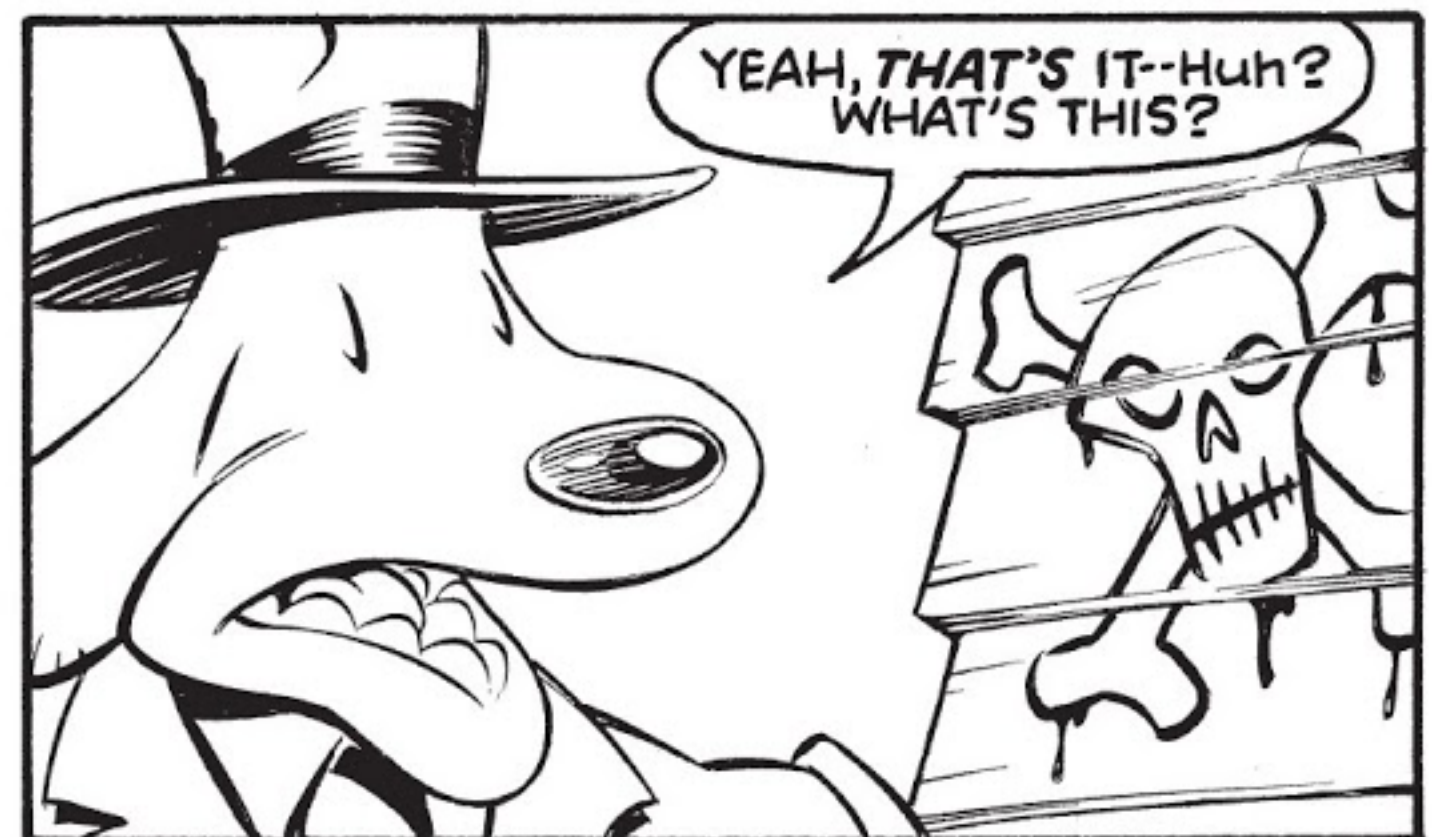
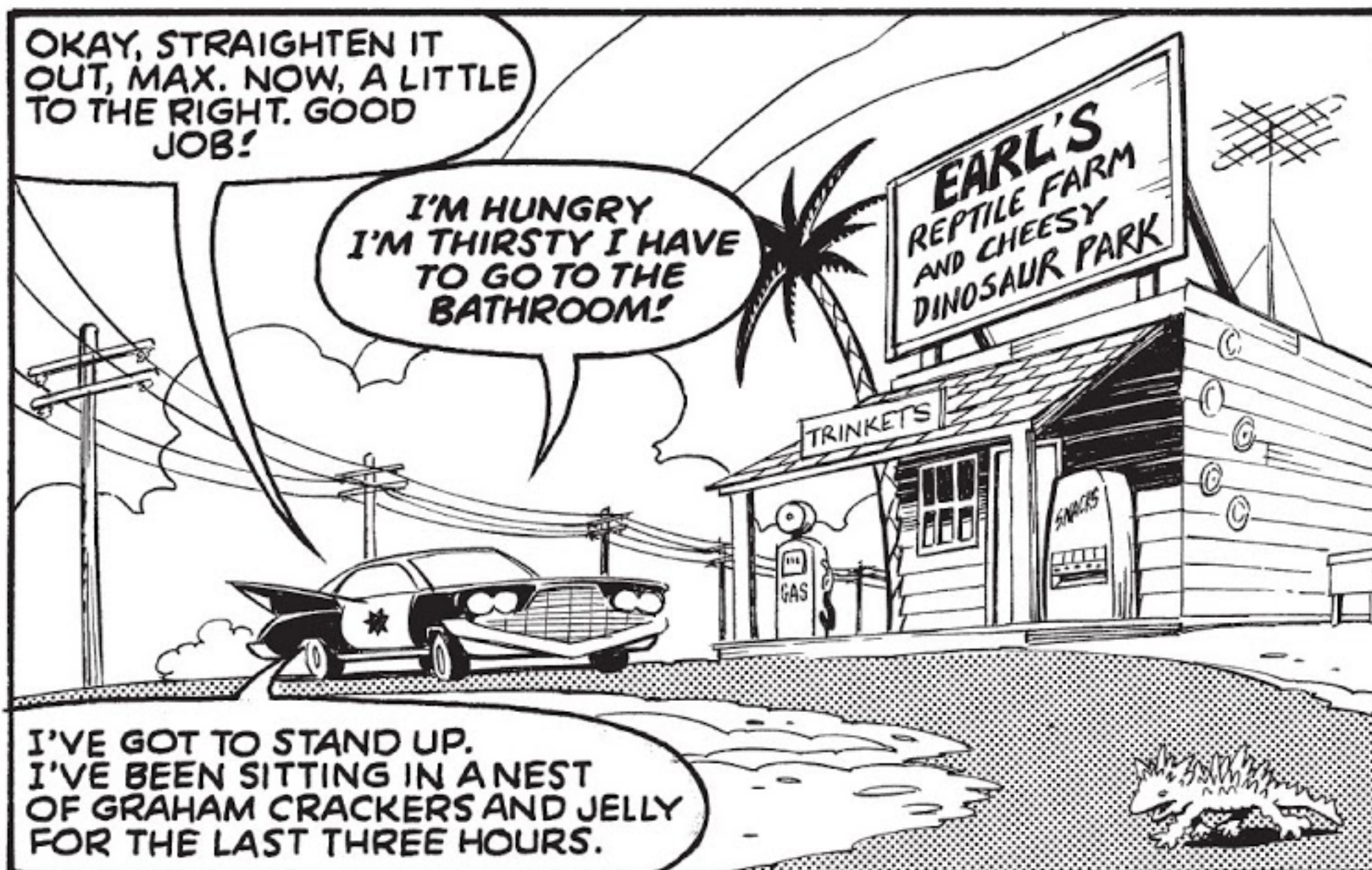


# SAM & MAX ON THE ROAD

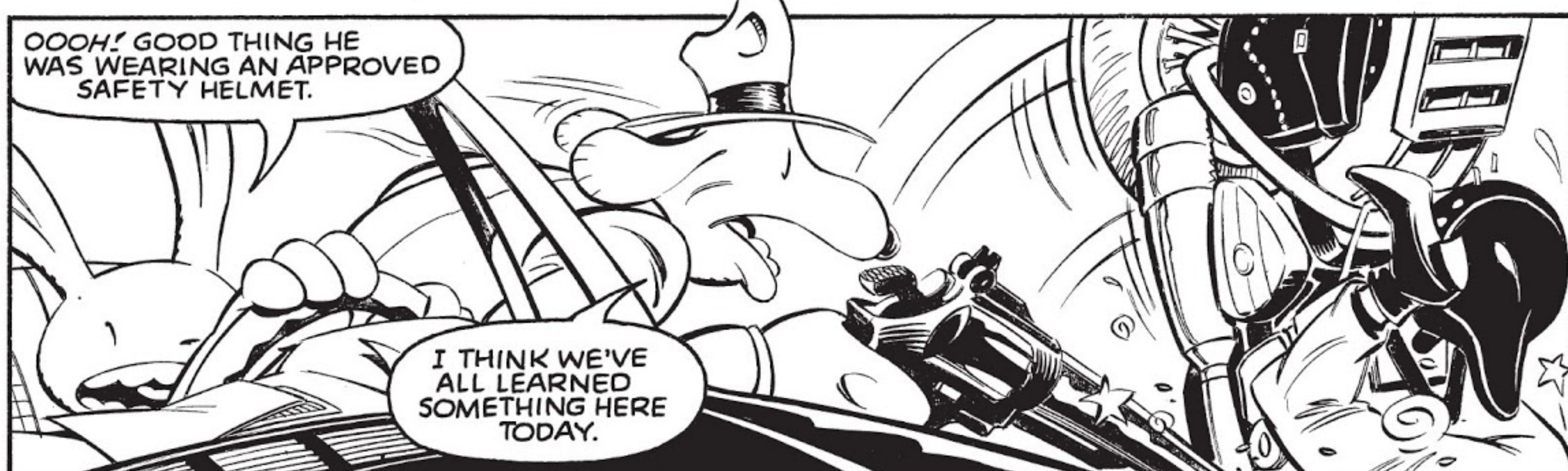
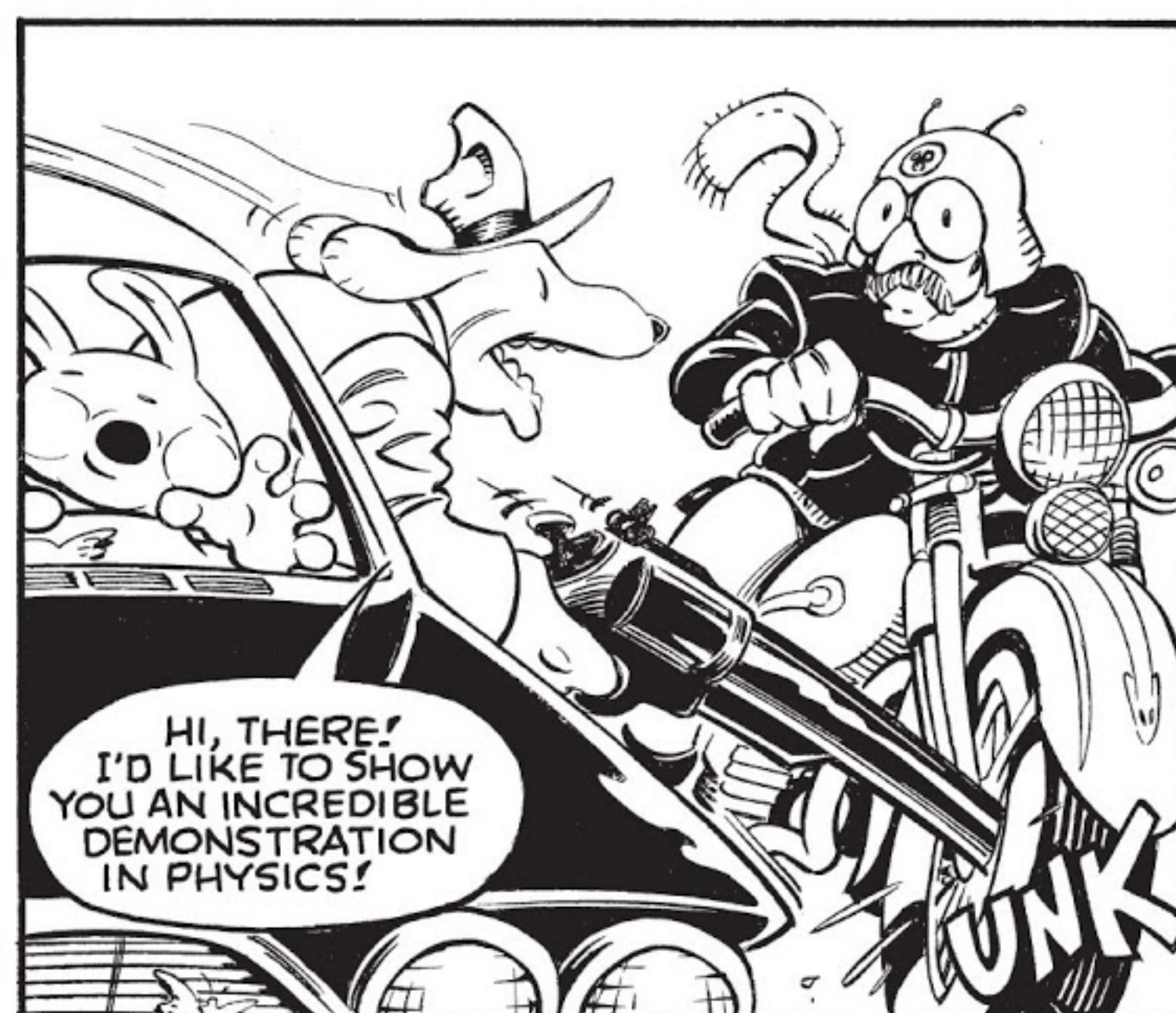
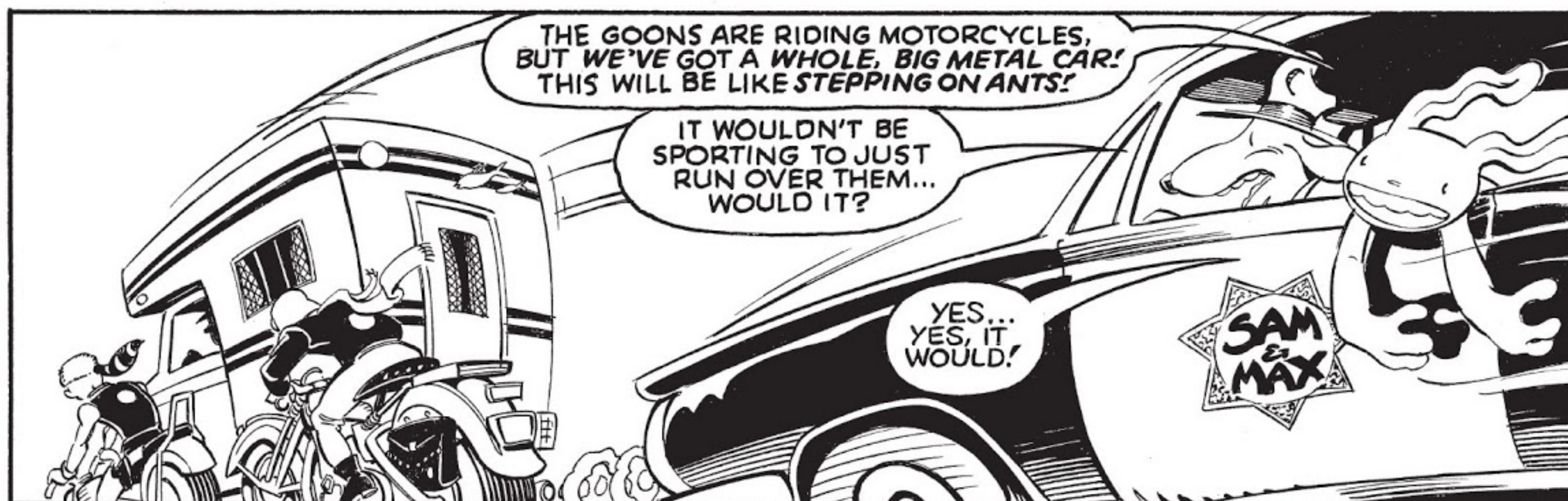
## Chapter 2: "I LOVE A BAND LEADER"



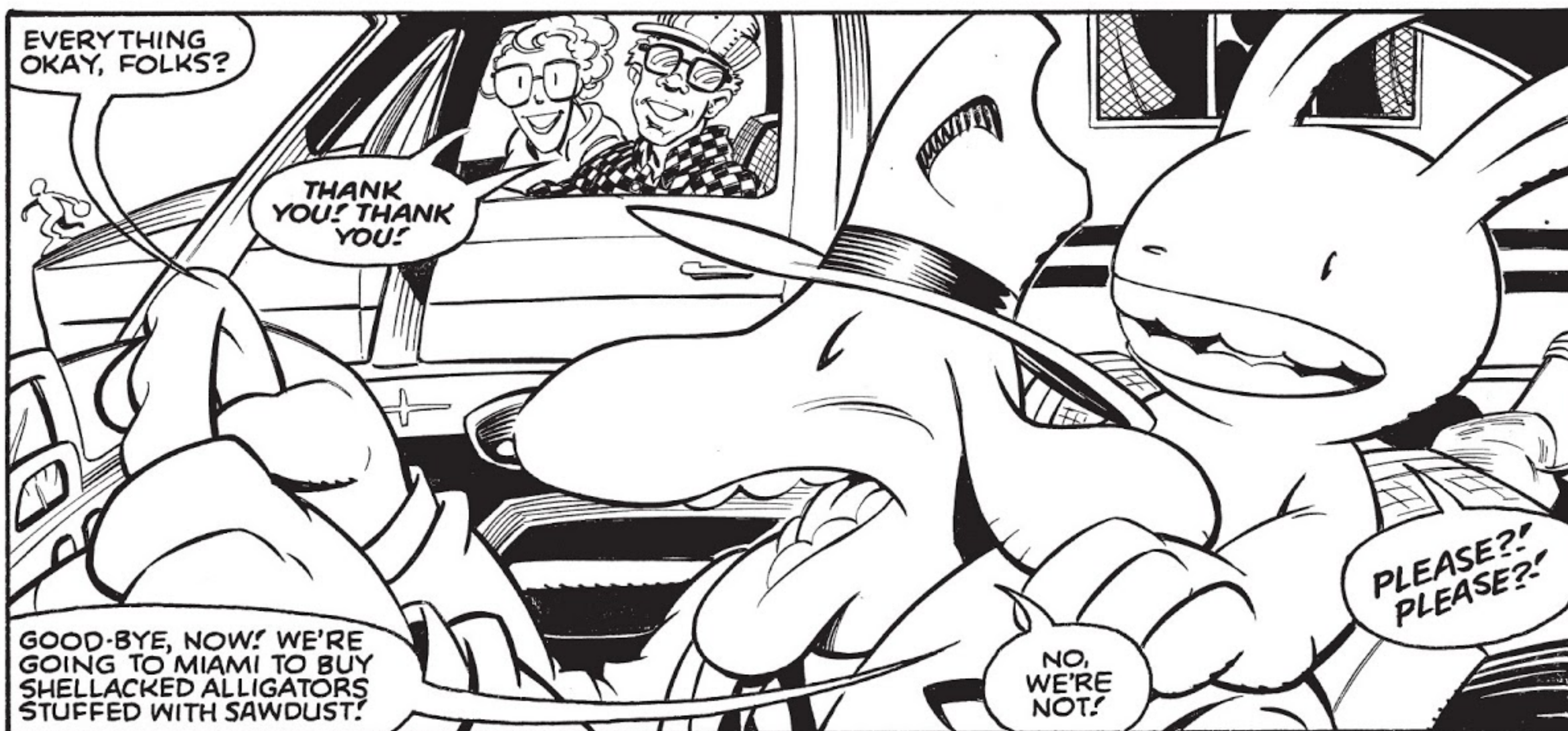
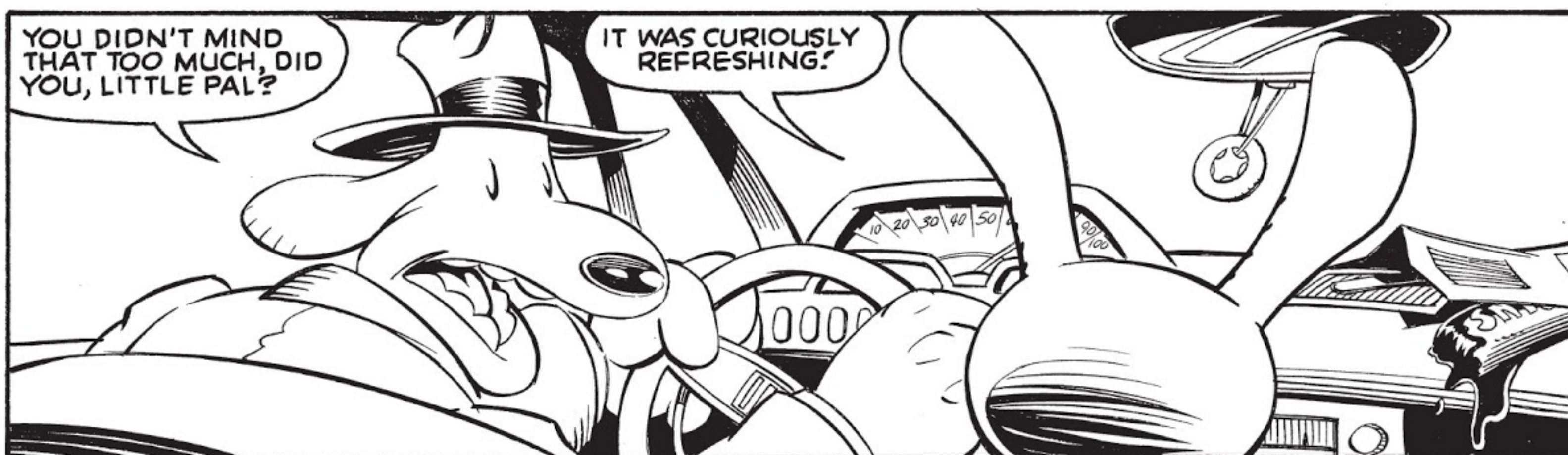
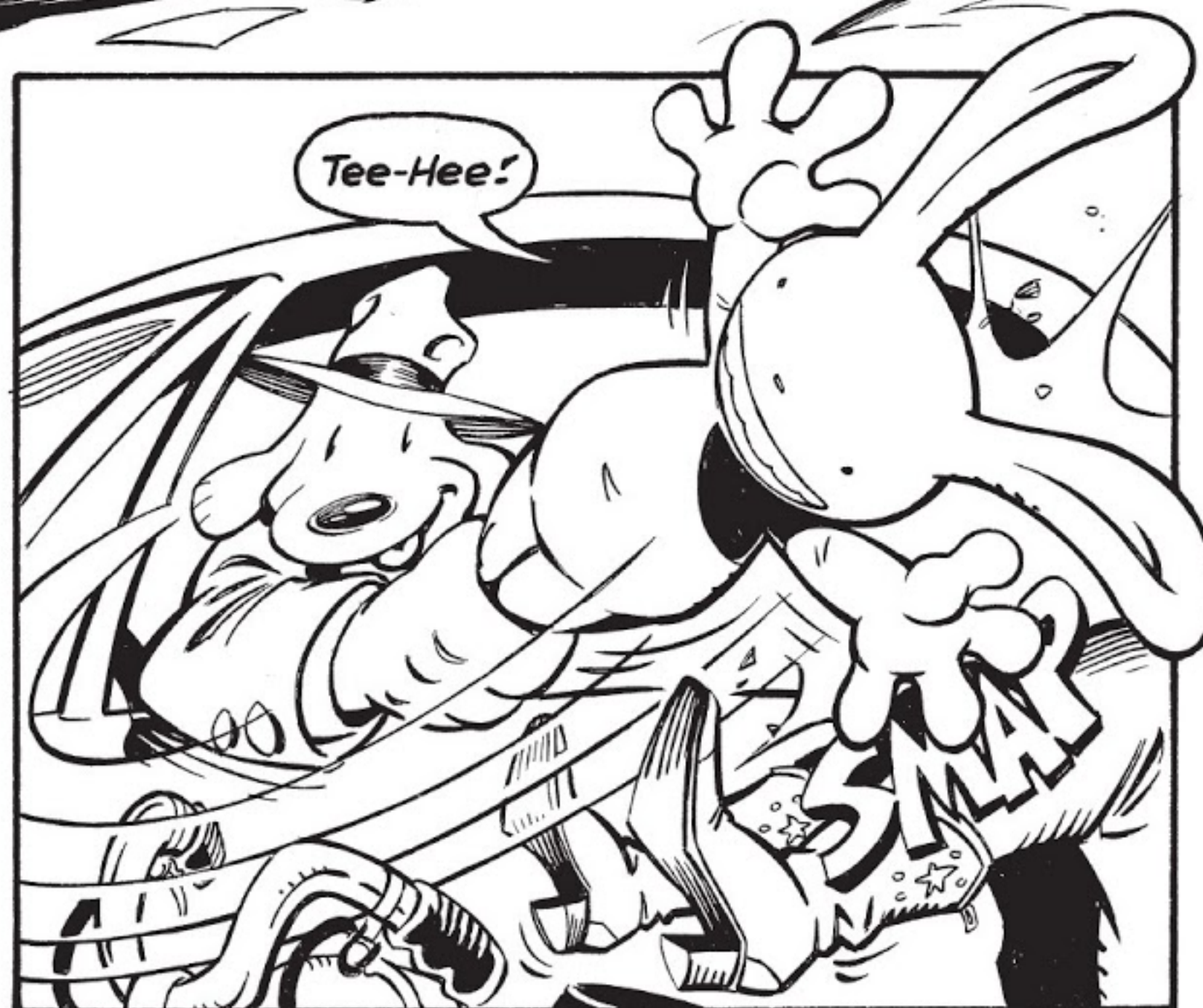




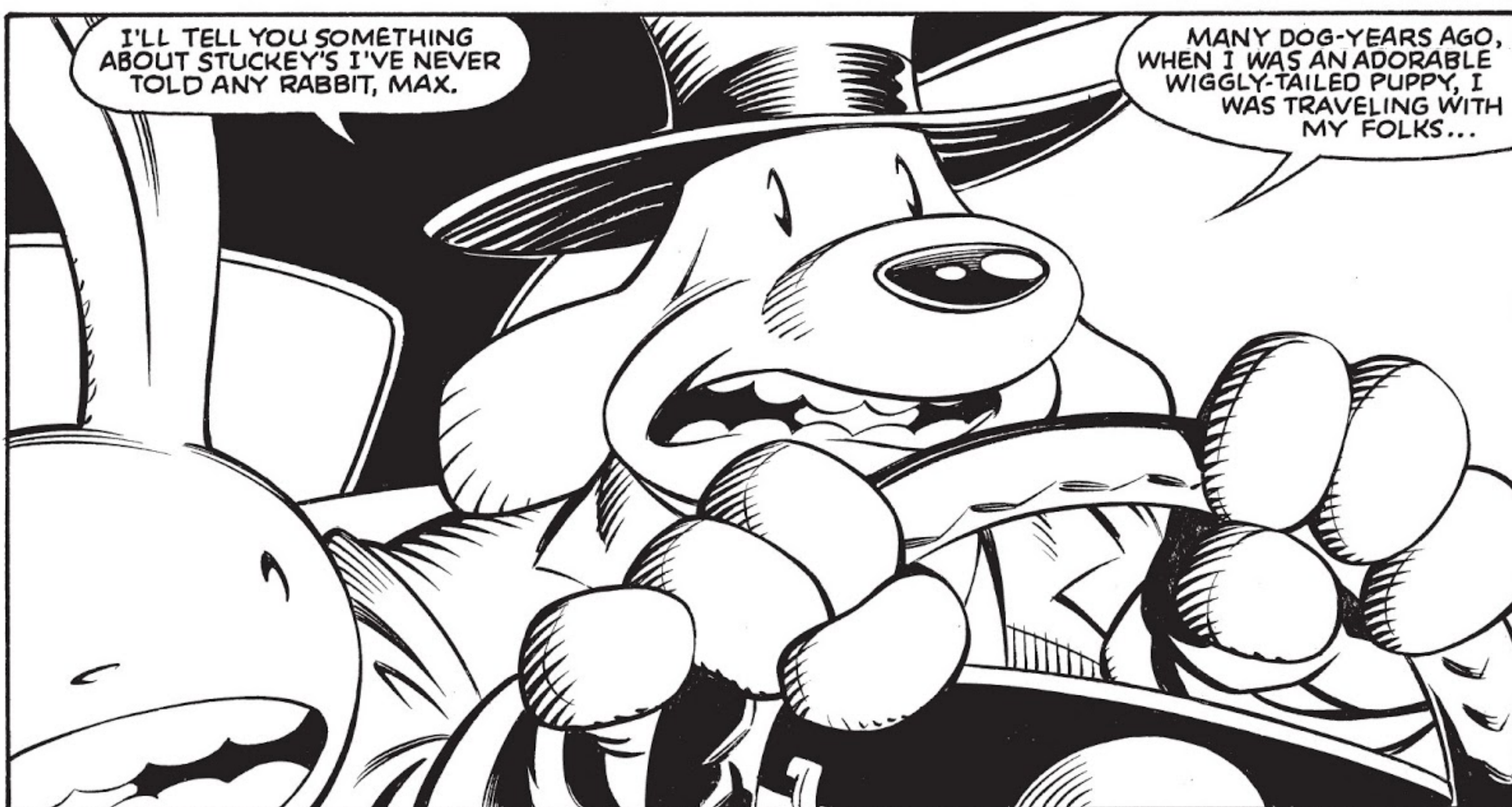
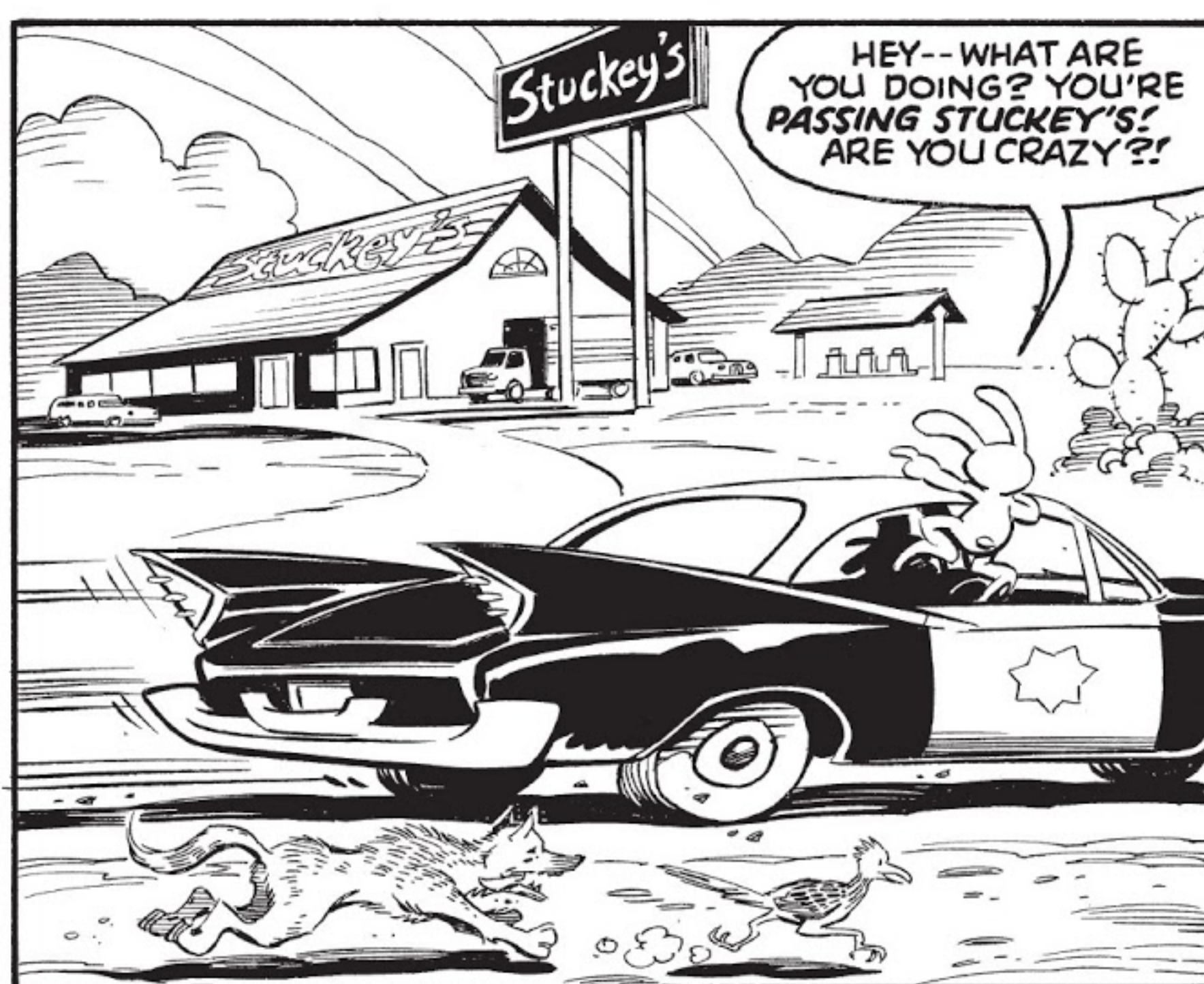












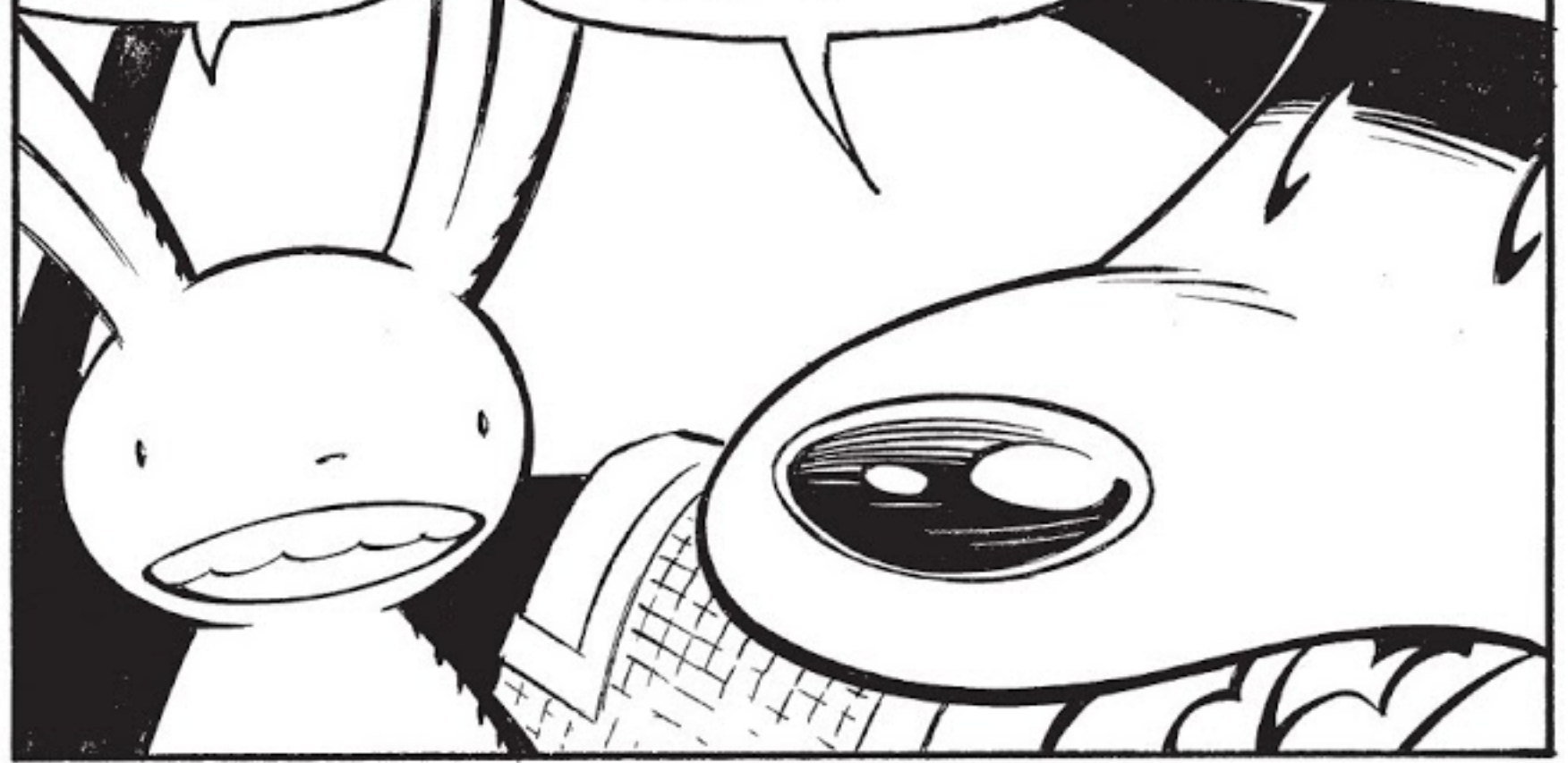


IT WAS DUSK (LIKE IT IS NOW), AND I WHINED AND HOWLED FOR DAD TO PULL INTO THE APPROACHING STUCKEY'S. I WANTED TO PERUSE THE GIFT SHOP FOR AUTHENTIC PLAINS INDIAN HARMONICAS AND JACKALOPE POSTCARDS.



WHAT ABOUT THE FREE BOX OF PECAN CANDY WITH EVERY GAS FILL-UP?!

QUIET--! THE PLACE LOOKED KIND OF DARK AND SPOOKY WHEN WE PULLED IN. THEN I SAW THE PROPRIETOR...



WHAT? WHAT?

...HIS HAIR WAS WHITE AND STOOD STRAIGHT UP. HE HAD **BLACK CIRCLES** AROUND HIS **WIDE, STARING EYES!**

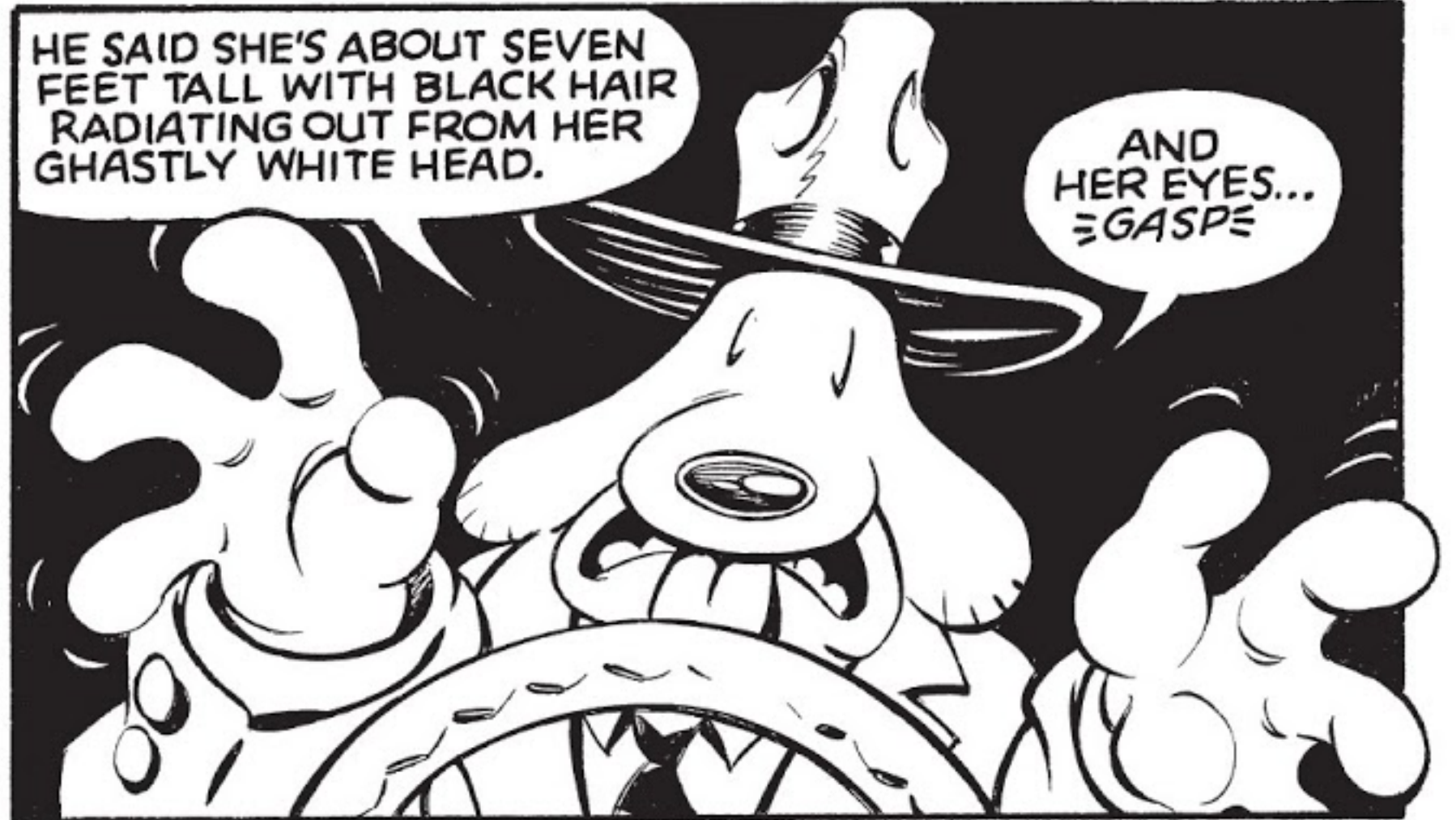


MY DAD SAID, "SOMETHING THE MATTER, SON?" AND THE GUY TOLD US, IN A LOUD, IRRITATING MONO-TONE, ABOUT **AUNTIE ALICE**, A TERRIFYING SPECTER OF BLOOD-CHILLING UNPLEASANTNESS.



HE SAID SHE'S ABOUT SEVEN FEET TALL WITH BLACK HAIR RADIATING OUT FROM HER GHASTLY WHITE HEAD.

AND HER EYES...  
=GASPE=



...HER EYES HAVE BEEN COARSELY **GOUGED** FROM THEIR GLISTENING SOCKETS. HE SAID SHE WEARS A **SHREDDED, BLOOD-CAKED SMOCK!**

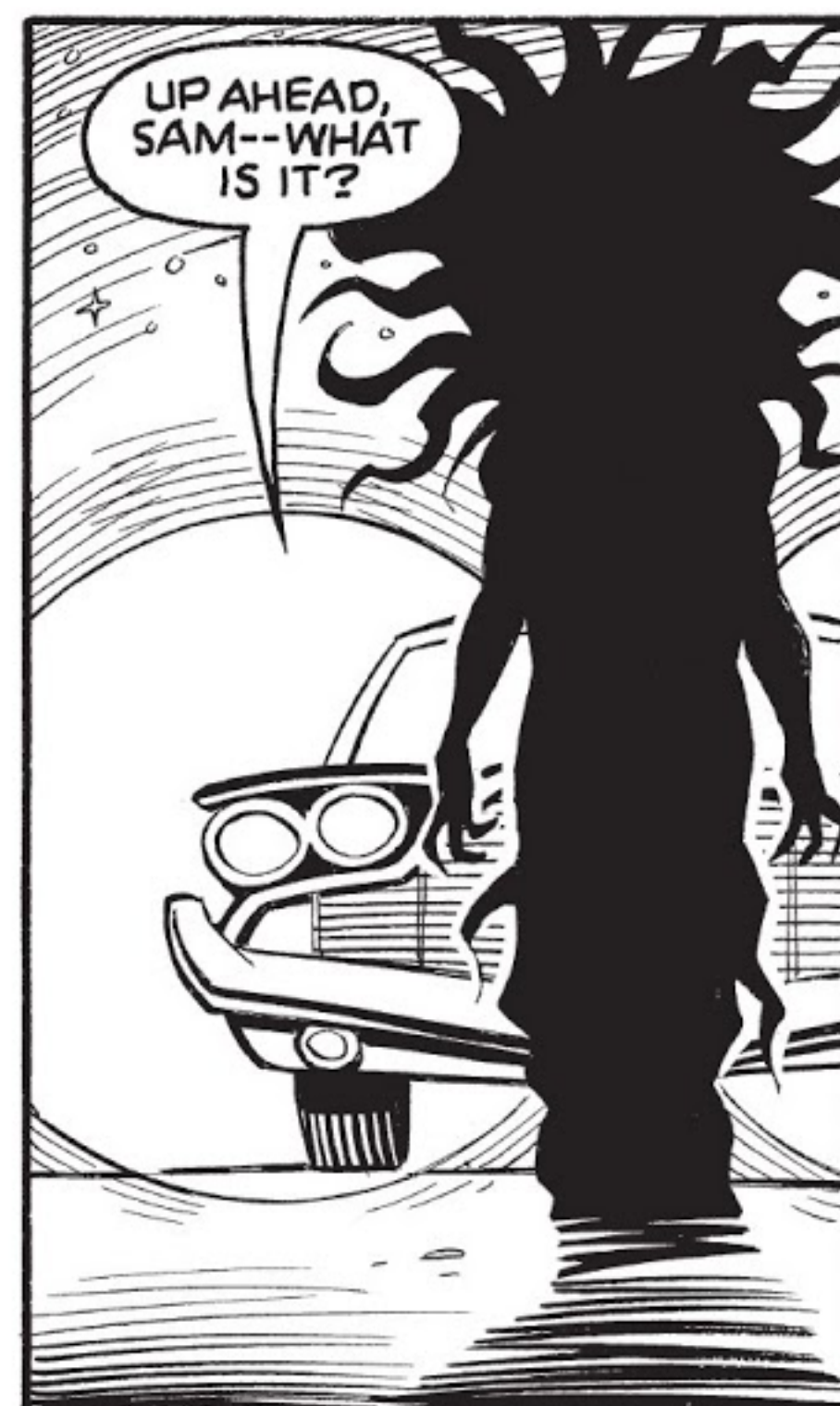
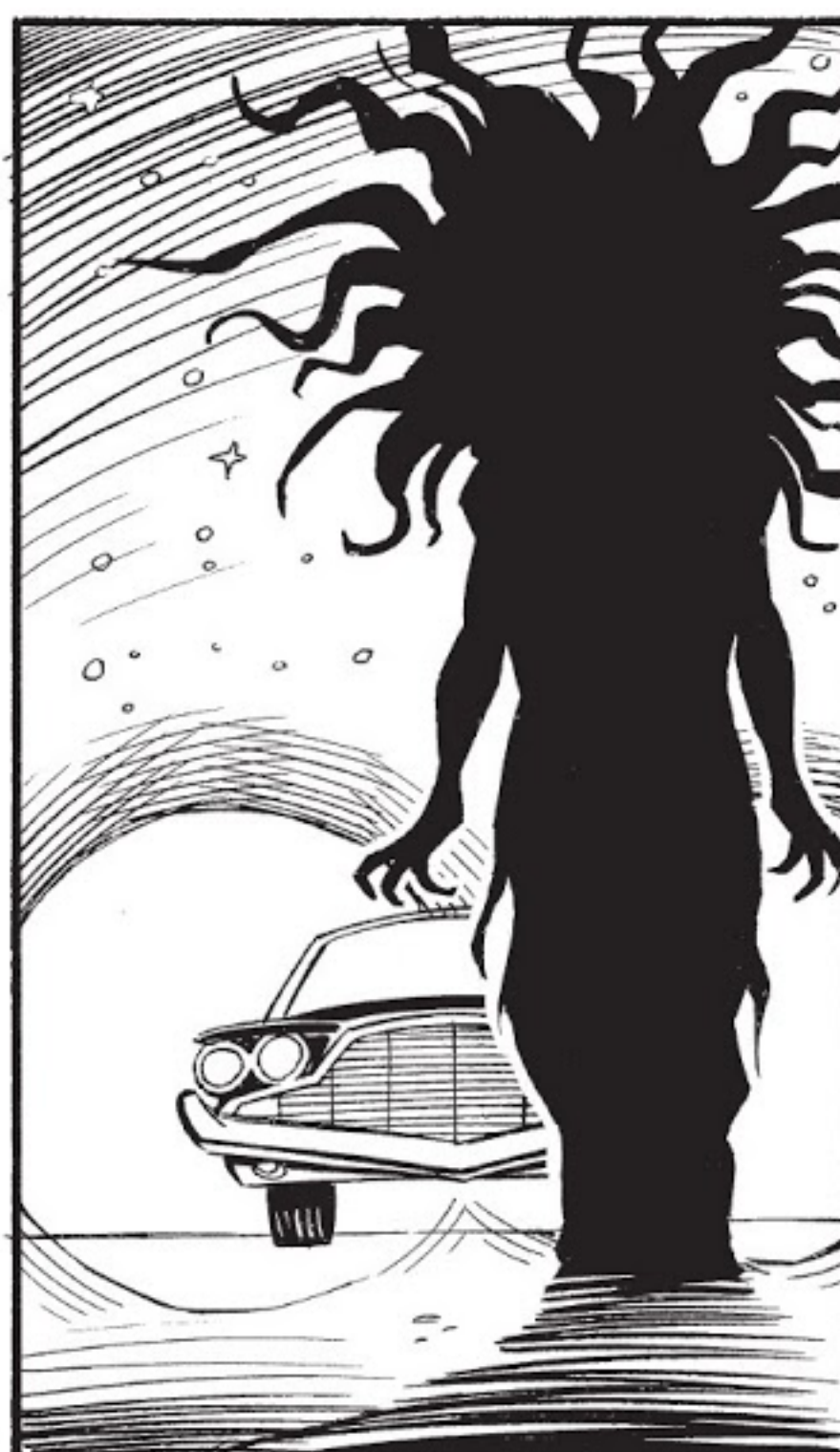
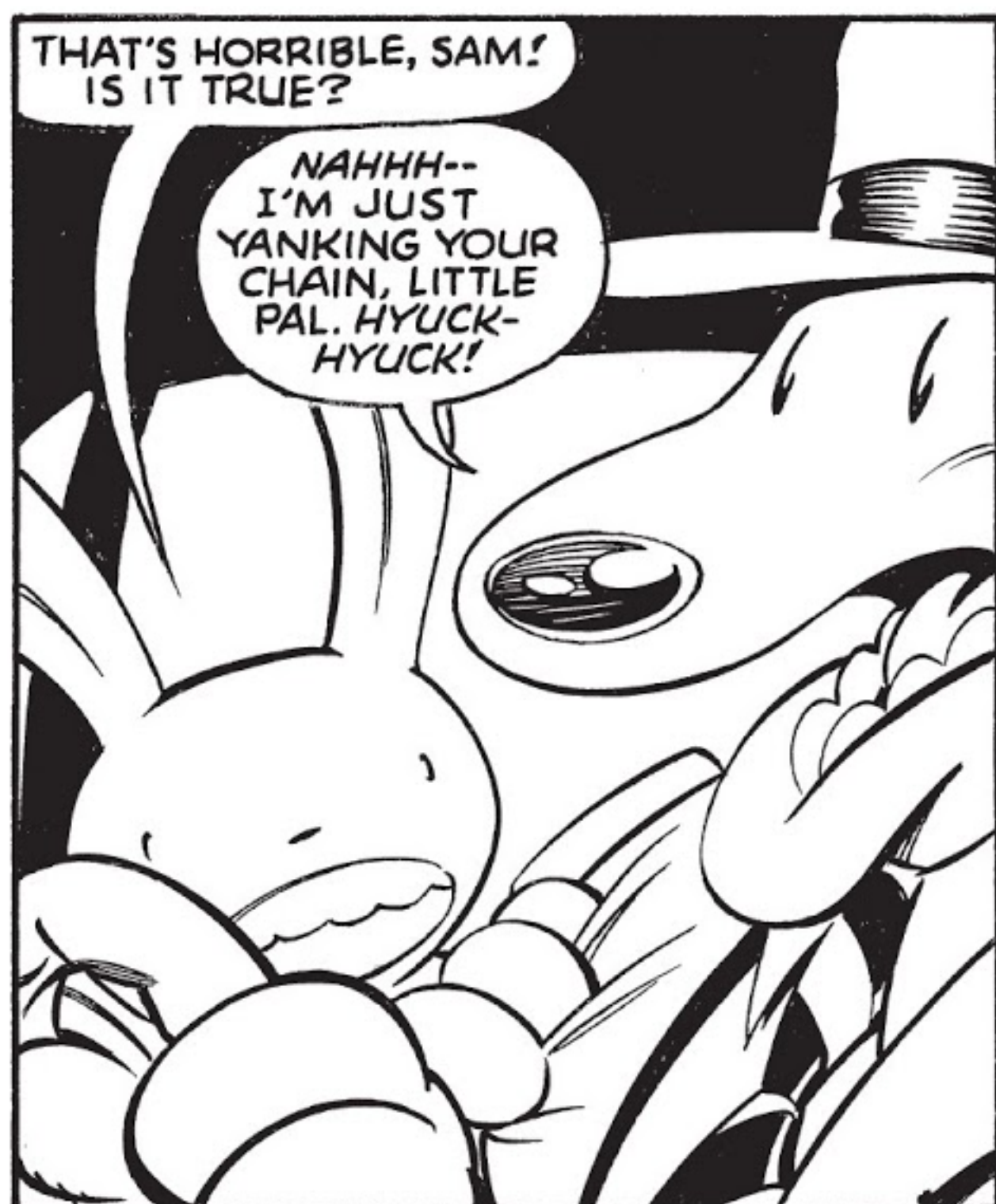
I'VE GOT A BLOOD-CAKED SMOCK.



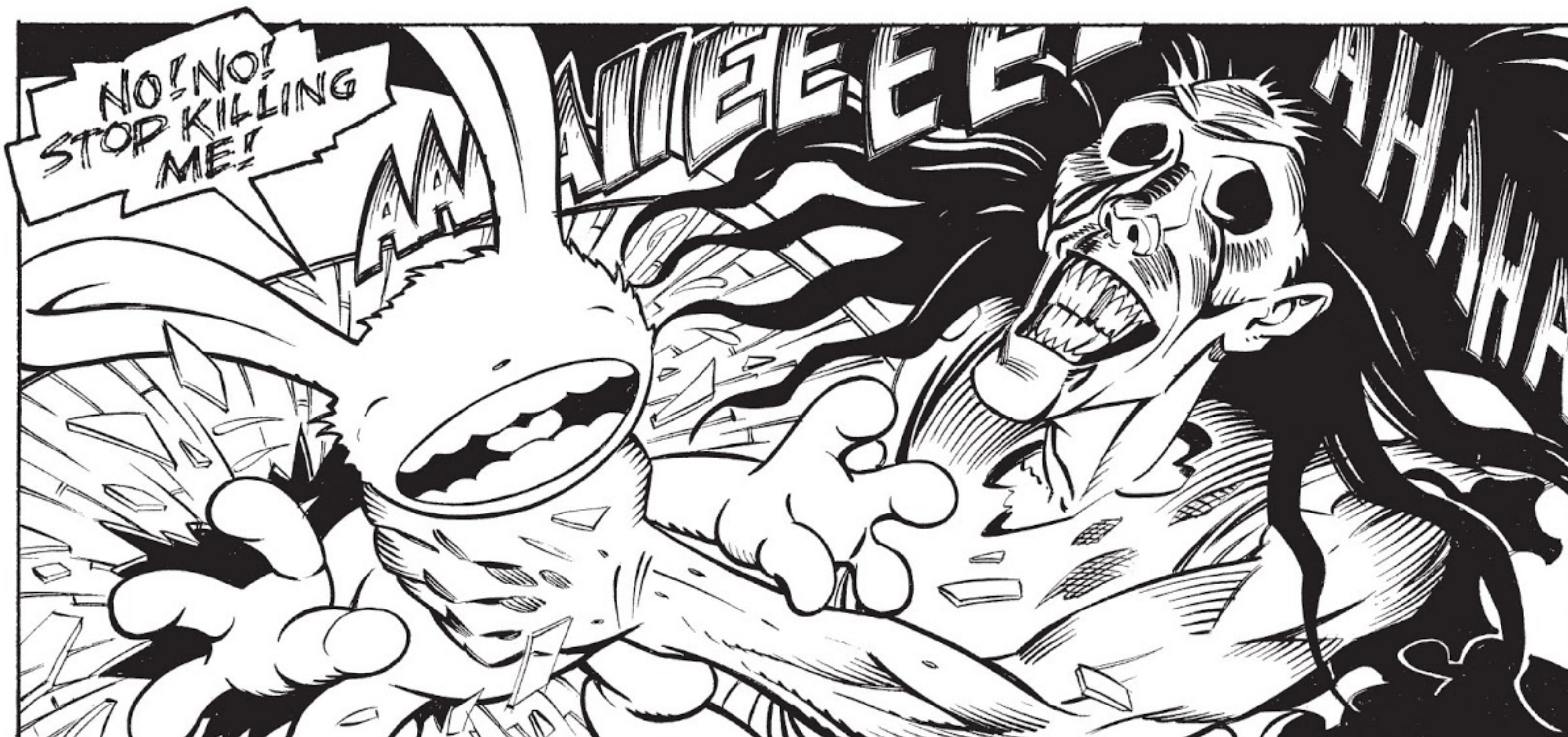
SHE WANDERS THE HIGHWAY FROM STUCKEY'S TO STUCKEY'S, LOOKING FOR **SCREECHING** CHILDREN TO **RIP** FROM THEIR CARS, CAUSING THEIR PARENTS TO GO INSANE WITH FEAR AND RELIEF.

SHE HAD JUST MADE OFF WITH THE PROPRIETOR'S KIDS AS THEY WERE RETURNING FROM A LOCAL HORNE-TOAD-AND-BADGER PROMENADE. HE SAW THE WHOLE GRISLY SCENE. THEY SAY AUNTIE ALICE **STILL** WANDERS THE HIGHWAYS LOOKING FOR INNOCENTS TO DEVOUR.

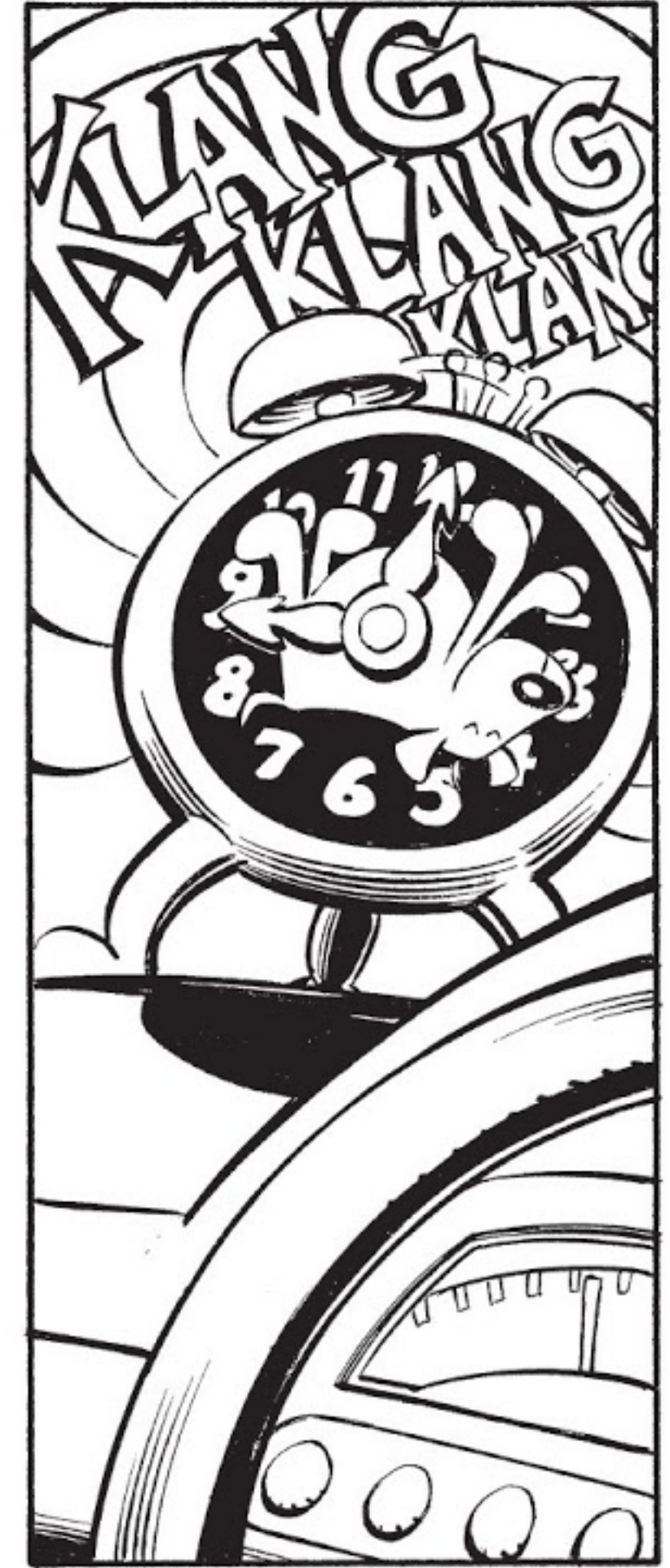




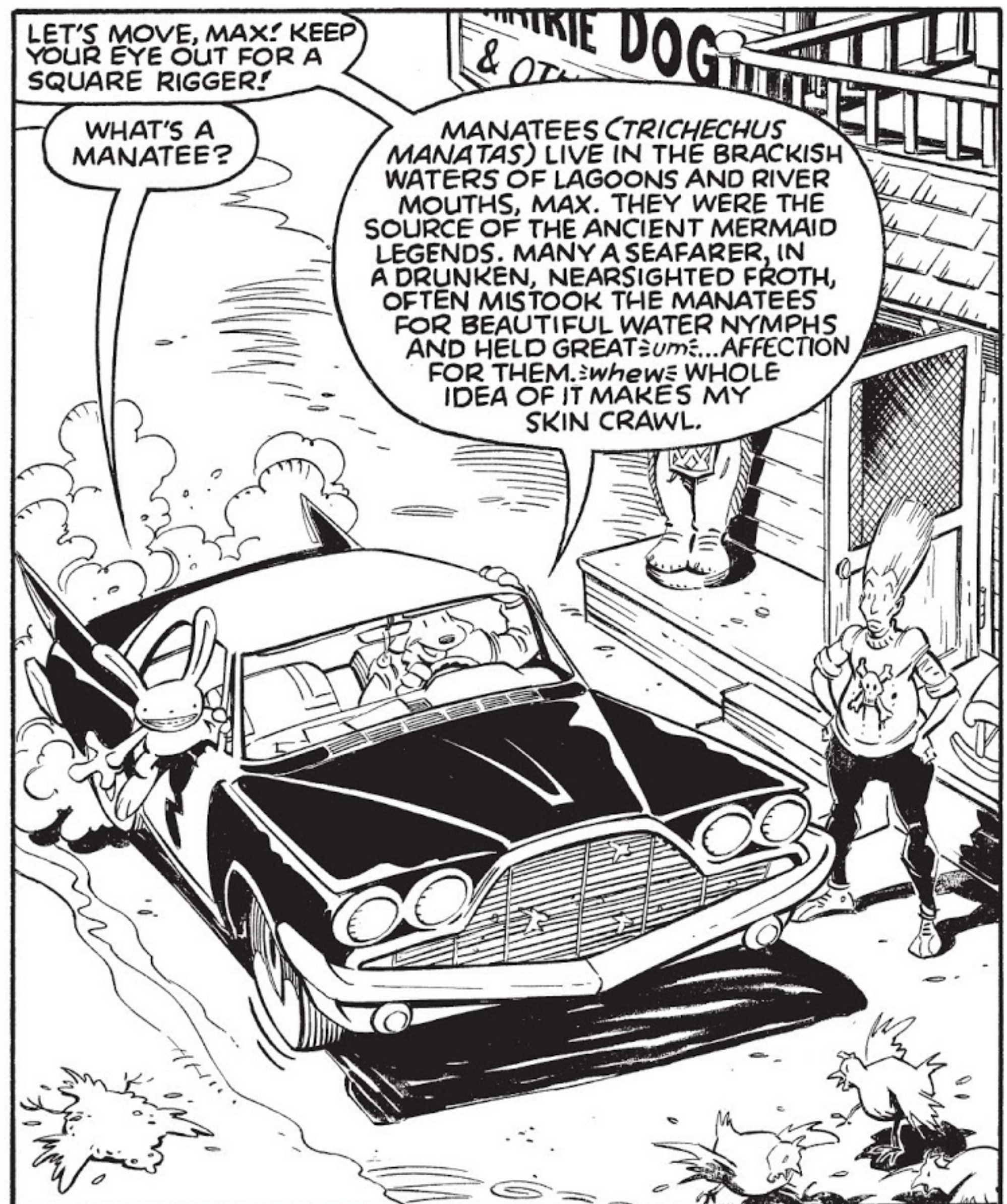
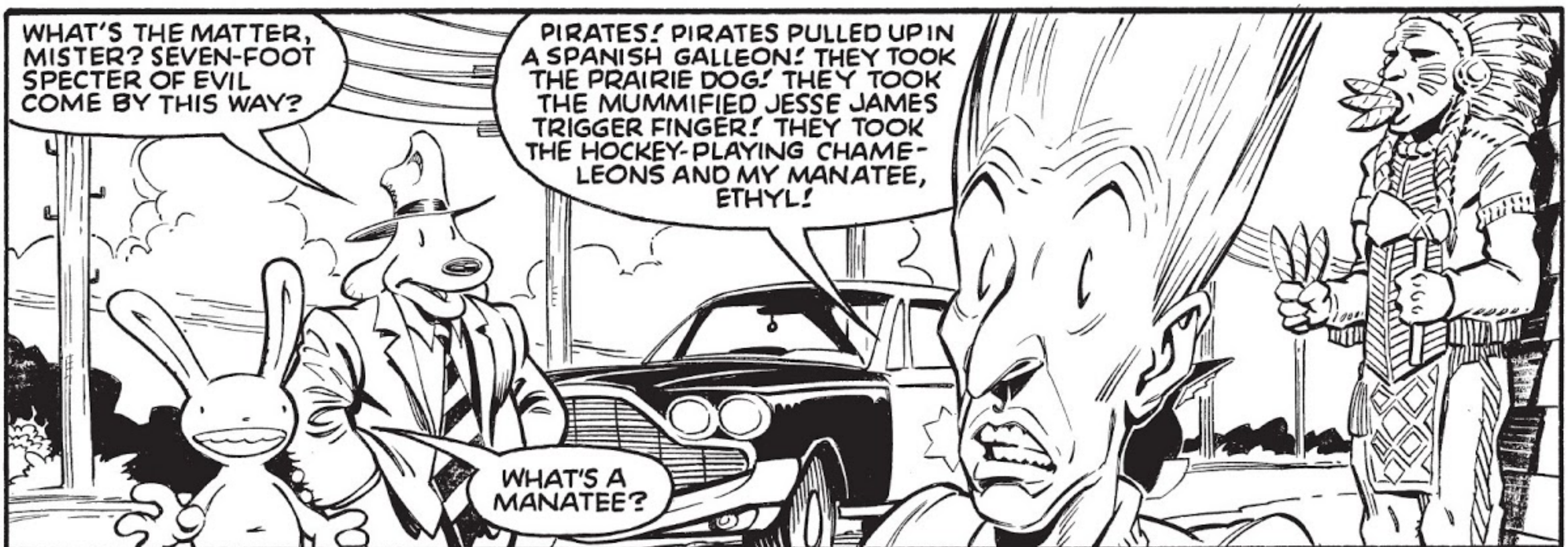














**SAM & MAX**  
**ON THE ROAD**  
 THE OFFICIAL  
**BOARD GAME**

WHAT'S MORE FUN THAN A ROAD  
 WITH YOUR FAMILY?? LICKING A ST

GIVE THIS GAME TO THE SHRIEKING RUG  
 IN THE BACK SEAT TO SHUT THEM THE  
 UP FOR ABOUT FIVE MINUTES.

-MOVE COUNTERCLOCKWISE AROUND

**WHAT'S MORE FUN THAN A ROAD TRIP  
WITH YOUR FAMILY?? LICKING A STOAT?**

**GIVE THIS GAME TO THE SHRIEKING RUG RATS  
IN THE BACK SEAT TO SHUT THEM THE HELL  
UP FOR ABOUT FIVE MINUTES.**

- MOVE COUNTERCLOCKWISE AROUND THE BOARD.
- DON'T HAVE ANY DICE? WHEN IT'S YOUR TURN, USE THE LAST NUMBER OF THE LICENSE PLATE ON THE NEXT PASSING CAR.
- USE CRACKERJACKS OR CHEEZ-IT FRAGMENTS FROM DOWN THE BACK OF THE SEAT FOR BOARD MARKERS.

**- SHUT UP AND PLAY!**

**YOU WIN!  
YOU GET TO  
SLUG THE LOSER  
IN THE ARM  
AS HARD  
AS YOU  
CAN!**

ALMOST HOME,  
BUT YOU LEFT  
THE CAR BACK  
AT STUCKEY'S,  
YOU DOPE?

STUCKEY'S  
STUCKEY'S  
STOP HERE!  
GOT TO STOP HERE!  
(I'M NOT SURE  
WHY.)  
TURN LEFT

STOP FOR SOME-  
THING REALLY BIG  
AND DEAD IN THE  
ROAD. LOSE A  
TURN. EVERYONE  
TRY TO GUESS  
WHAT IT WAS.

CRUISE THROUGH  
SAFARI PARK.  
CRAZED MAN-  
DRILL DRIVES YOU  
AHEAD 3 SPACES.  
WHAT LUCK?

KIDS UNCONSCIOUS  
FROM POISONED  
HAMBURGERS.  
**ZOOM 3 SPACES**  
PAST SANTA'S  
VILLAGE WITHOUT  
A TANTRUM.

Uh-oh. THE  
BRIDGE WAS  
KIND OF OLD.  
YOU LOSE.  
SORRY.

SHORT CUT  
ACROSS  
ENCHANTED  
VALLEY OF BURNING  
RUBBER TIRES.  
GO AHEAD 1  
SPACE.

"MOMMY, JOEY WAS SUCKED OUT THE WINDOW!"  
**GO BACK 3 SPACES**  
AND FIND HIM (IF YOU MUST).

SLOW DOWN  
 LOSE  
 CROSSING CHRIST,  
 TURN A SOUND  
 WHAT

OH, NO! THE KIDS  
SAW THE ROACH-  
PETTING ZOO!  
GO BACK 1 SPACE

MOM HAS TO STOP  
AT THE "REST  
AREA" AGAIN.  
LOSE A TURN.

HA' DOZING CHILDREN IN THE BACK SEAT DON'T NOTICE FOSTER'S FREEZE. GO AHEAD 3 SPACES.

DAD SAYS: "I CAN REACH YOU KIDS FROM HERE!" HE DOES, AND DRIVES THE CAR OFF THE ROAD. **LOSE 1** TURN.

**GO BACK 2  
SPACES FOR  
DRIED-UP  
LITTLE DONUTS  
AND WARM  
SODA.**

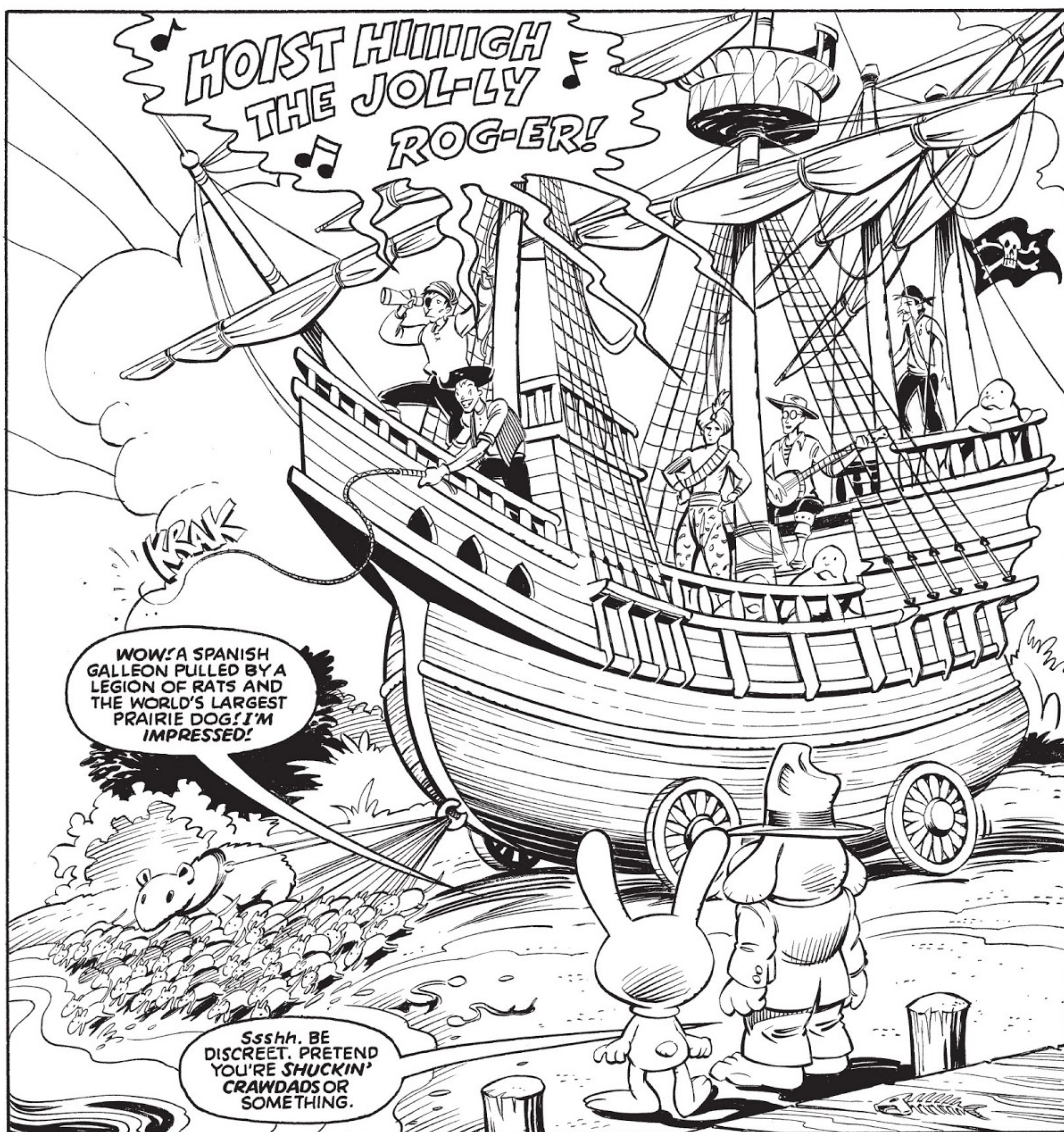
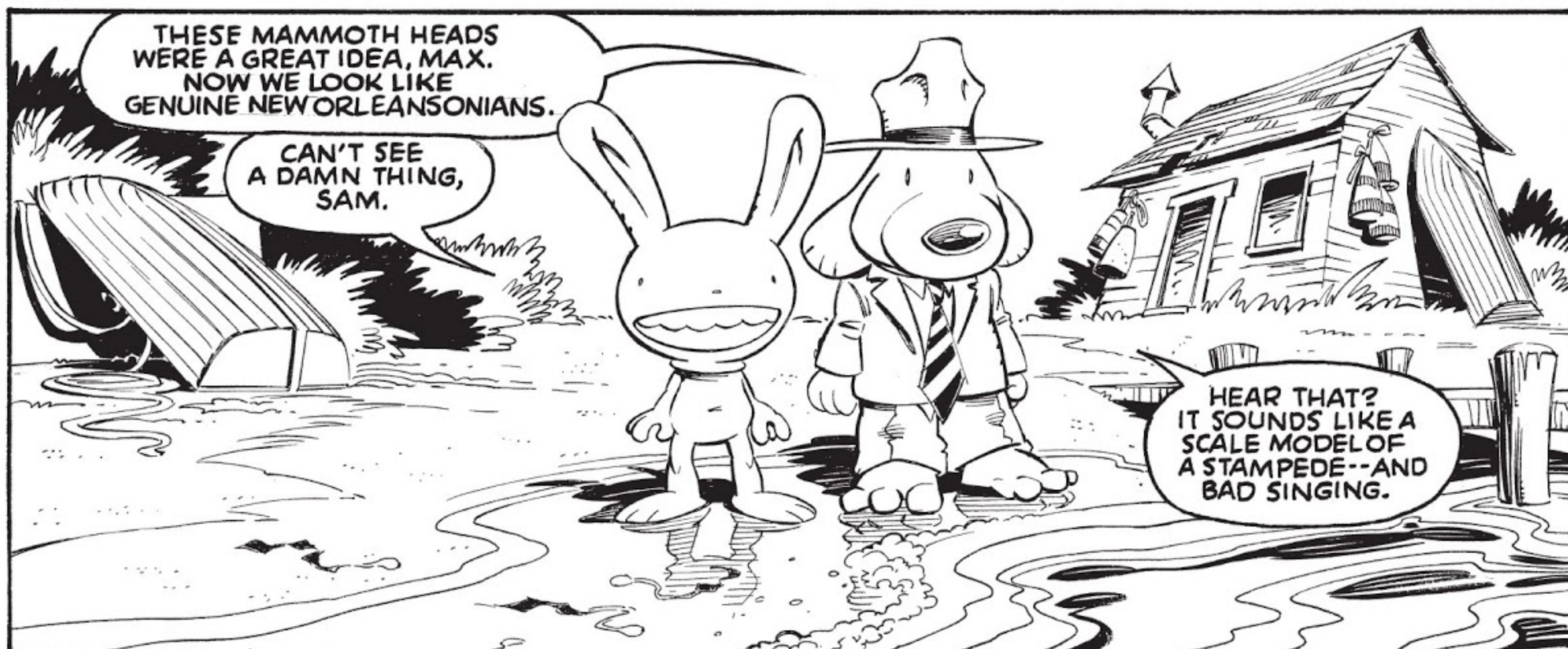
GET GAS--LOSE  
A TURN AND  
DON'T TOUCH  
ANYTHING IN THE  
REST ROOM.

# START

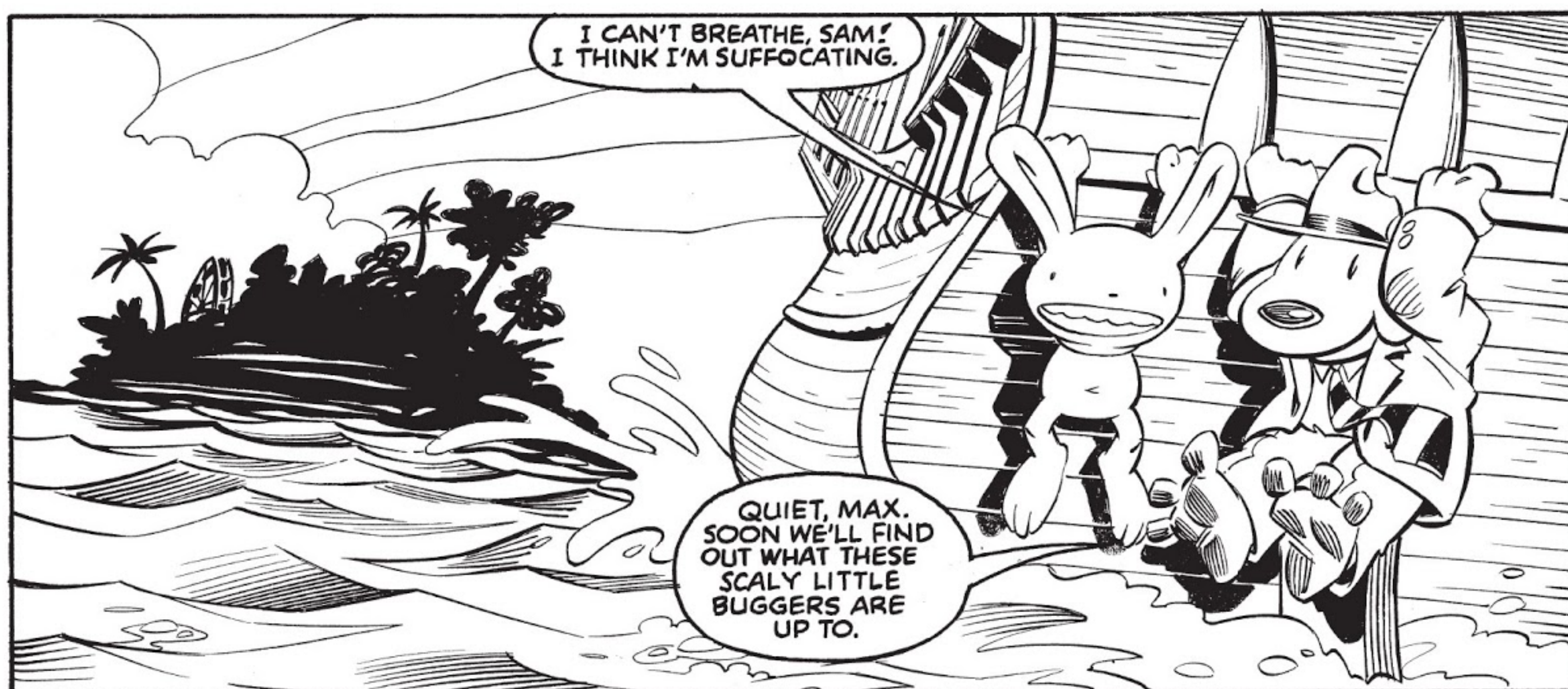
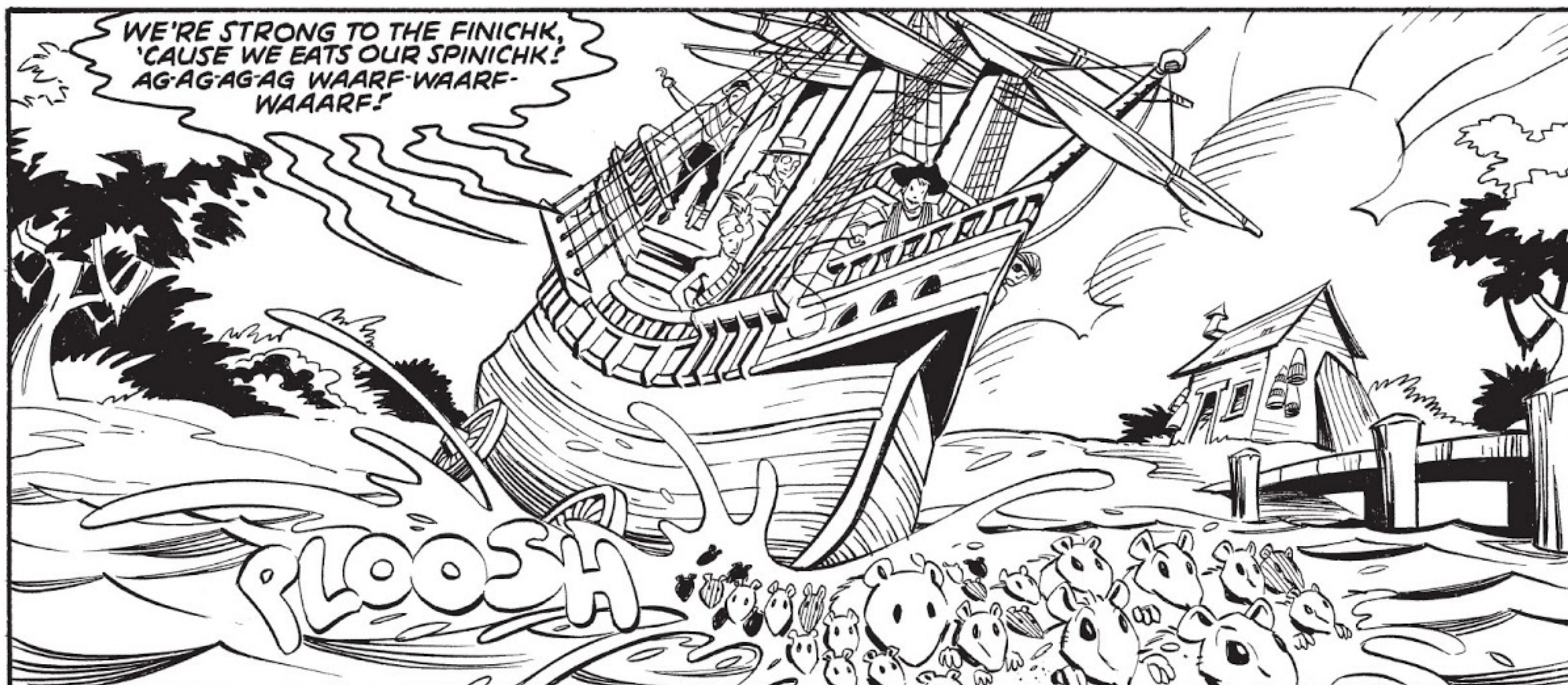




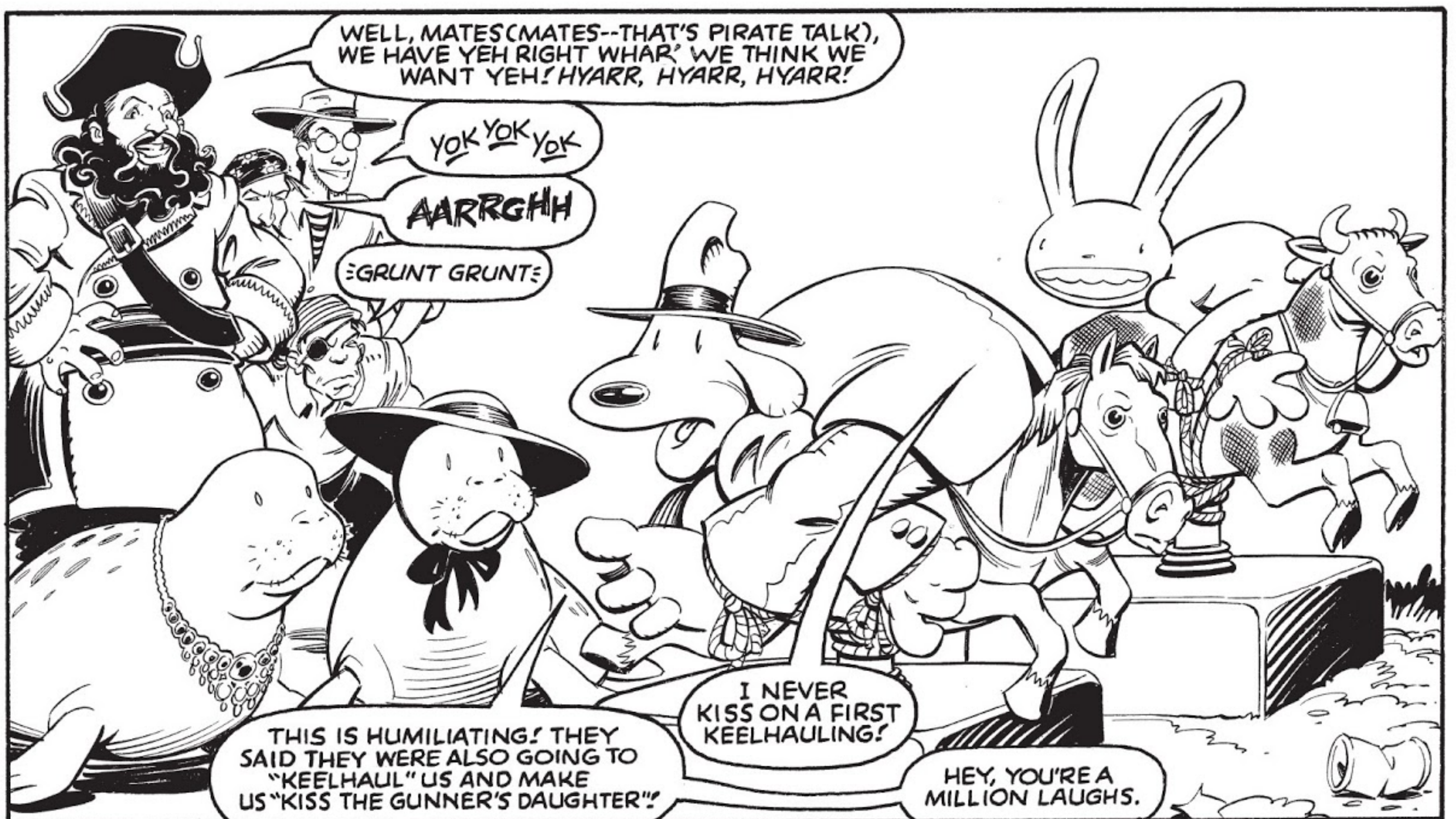
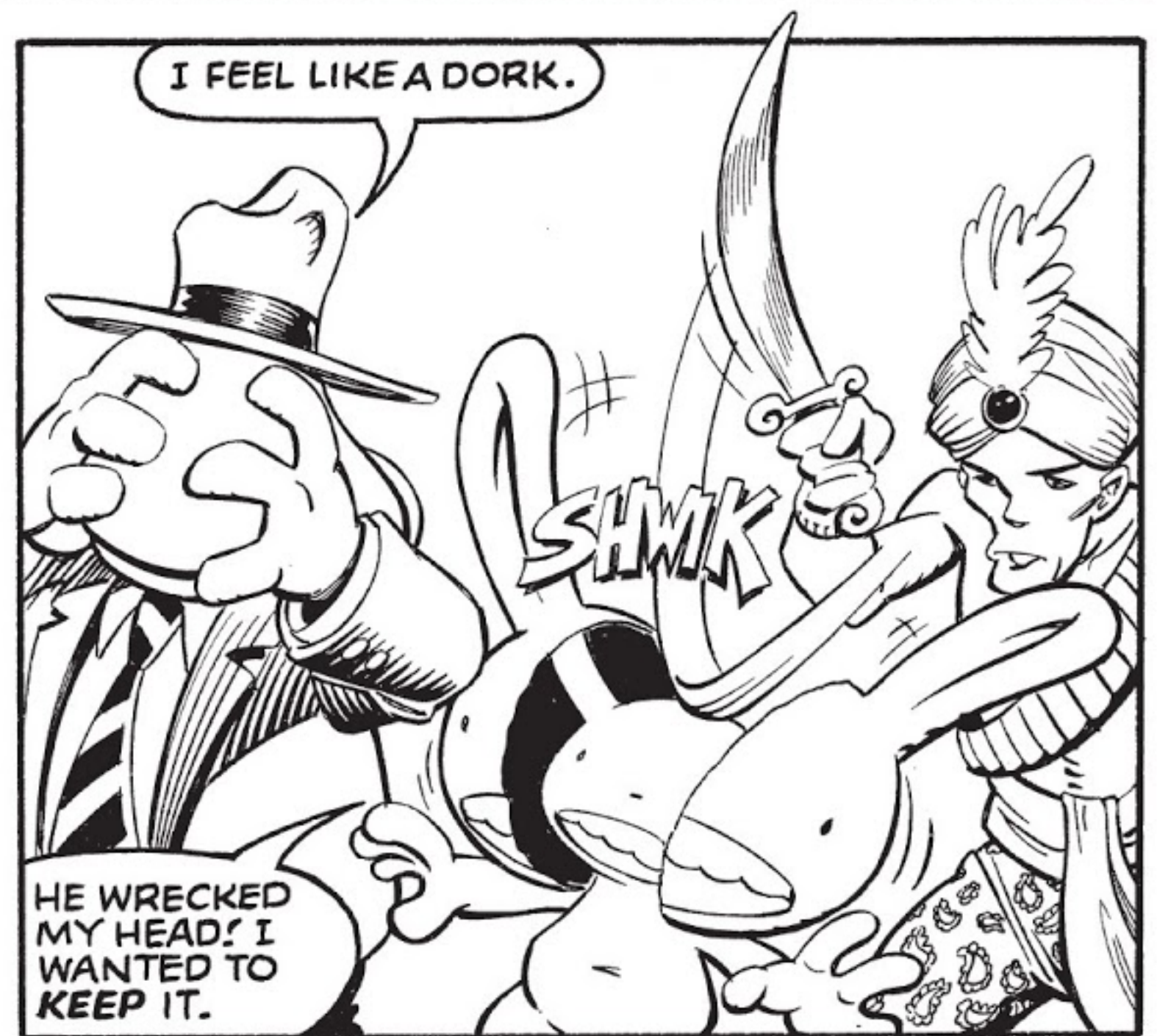




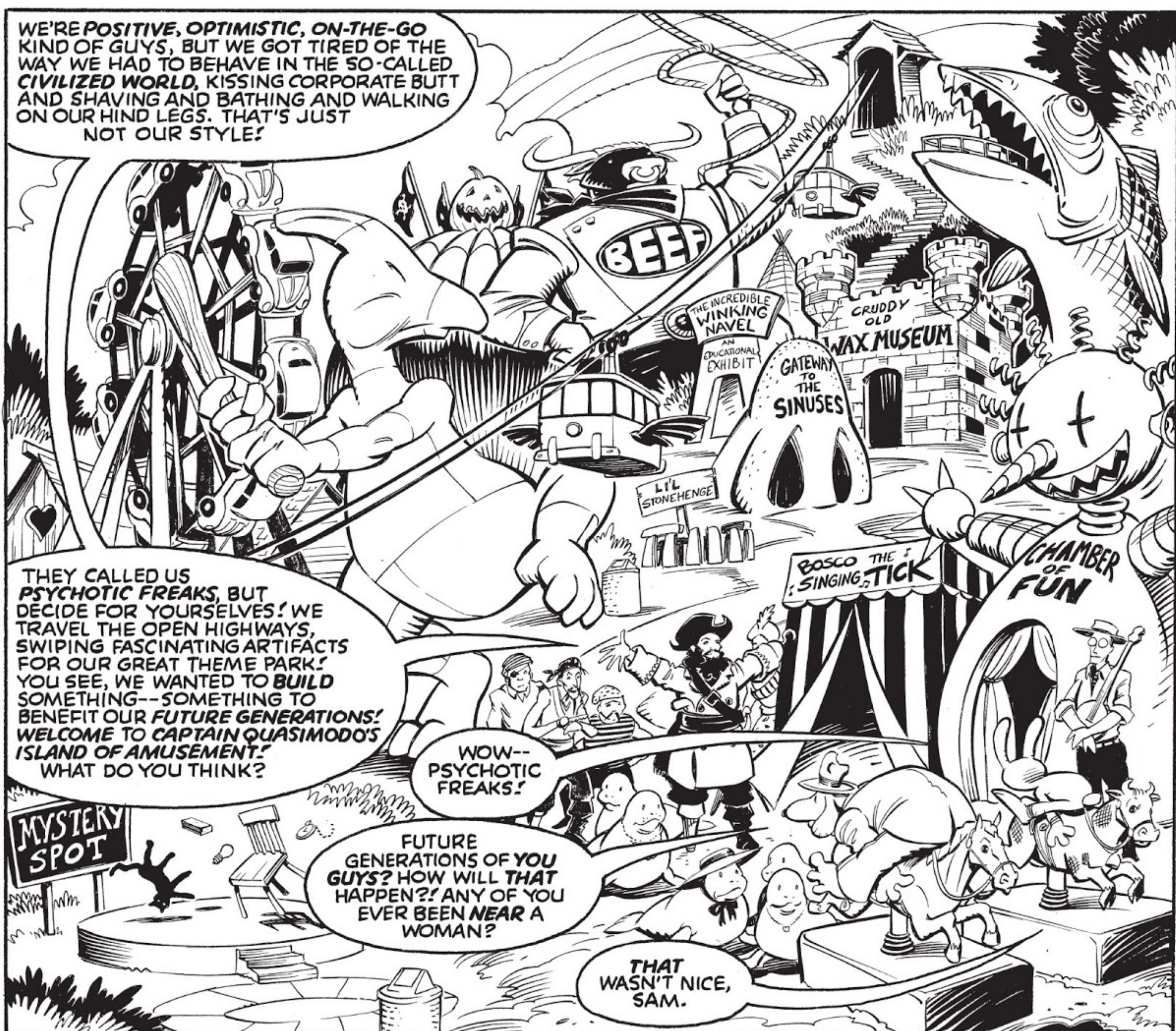
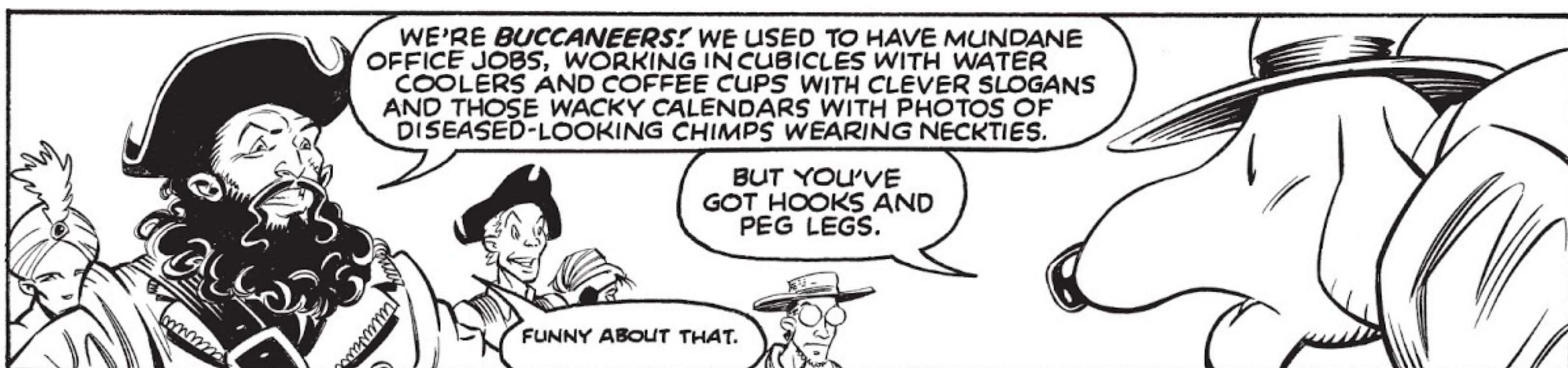
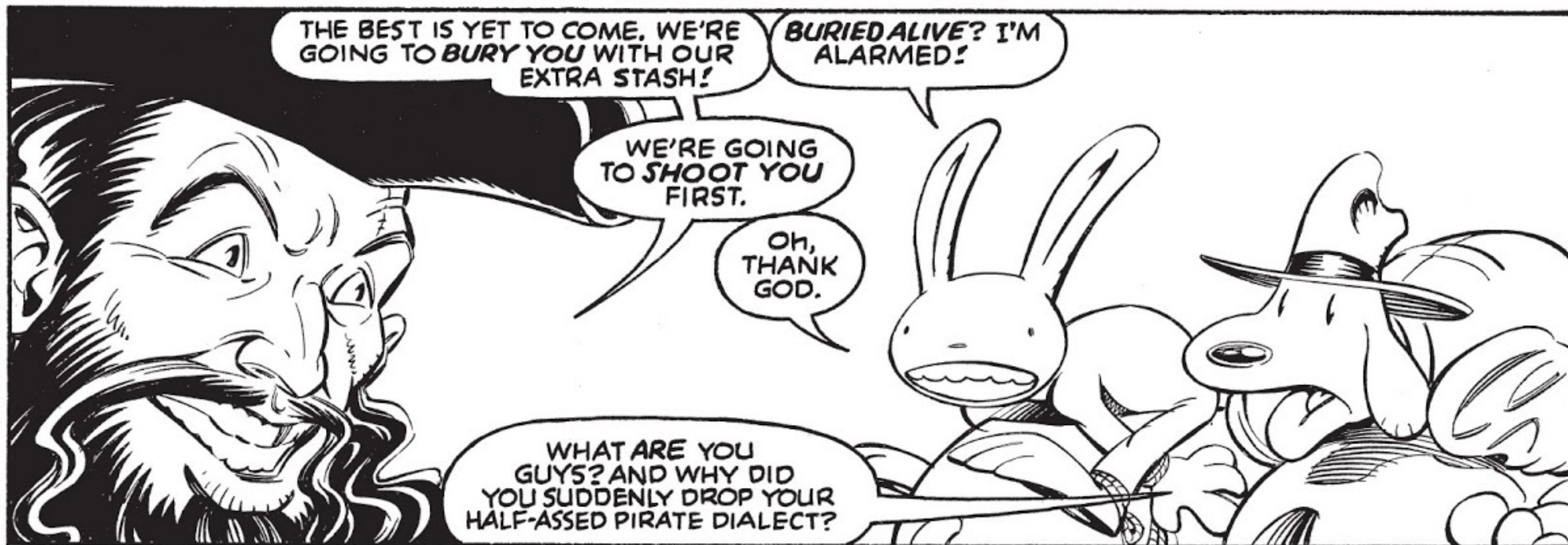








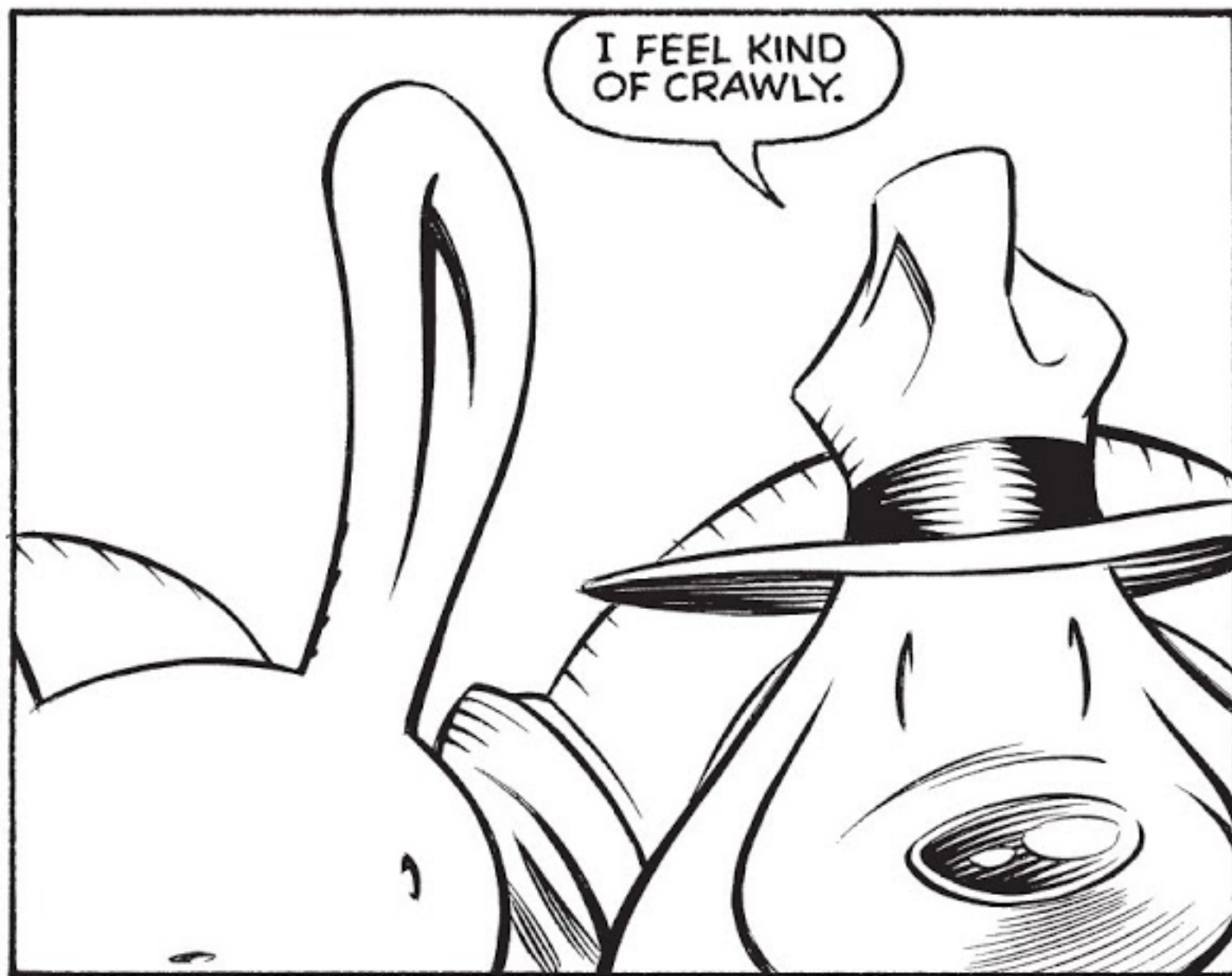




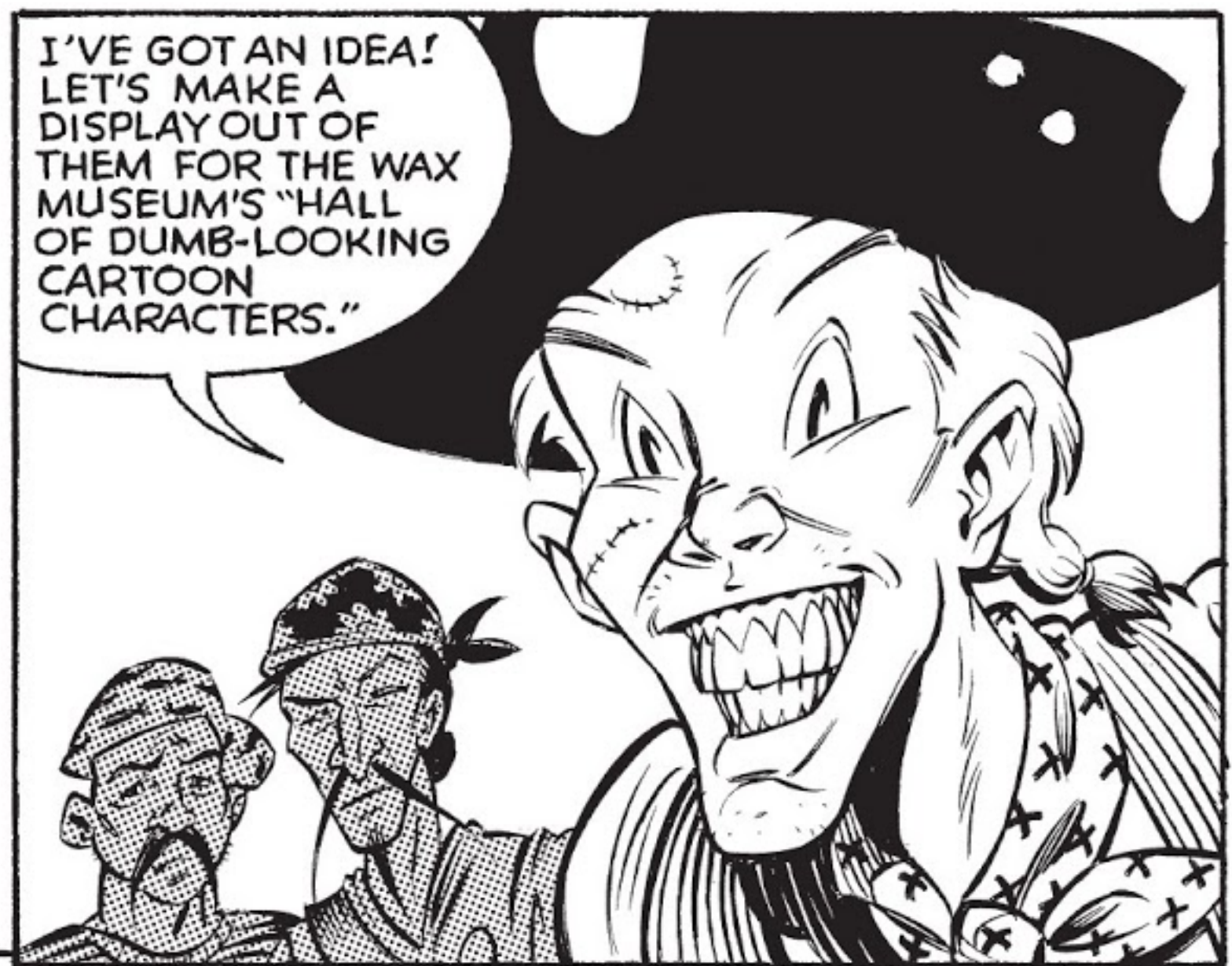




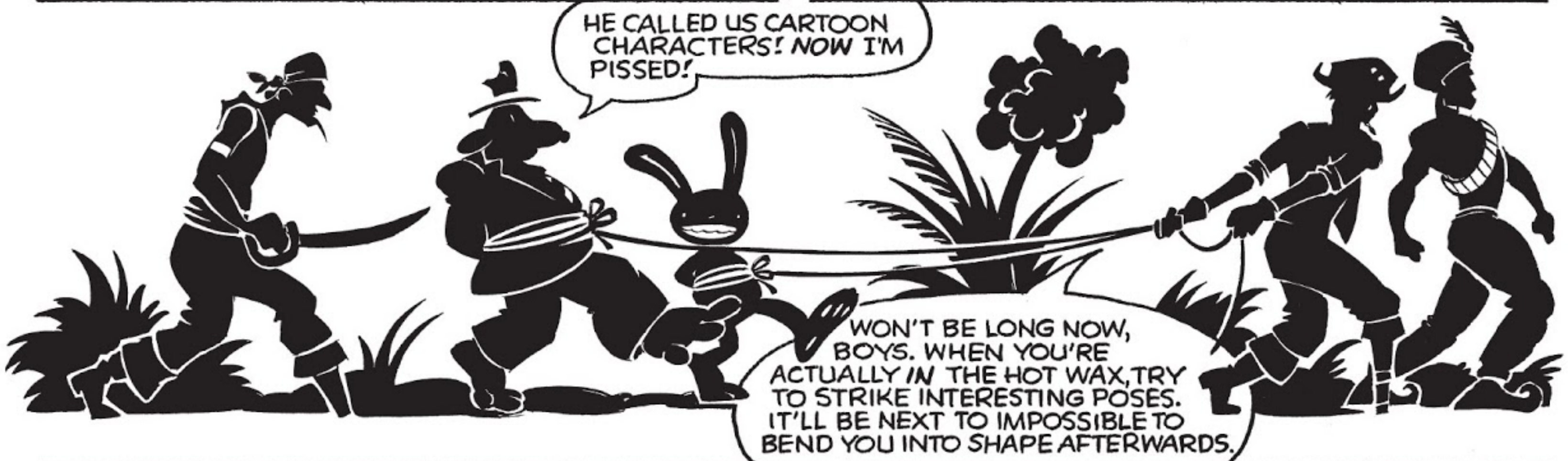




I FEEL KIND OF CRAWLY.



I'VE GOT AN IDEA! LET'S MAKE A DISPLAY OUT OF THEM FOR THE WAX MUSEUM'S "HALL OF DUMB-LOOKING CARTOON CHARACTERS."



HE CALLED US CARTOON CHARACTERS! NOW I'M PISSED!

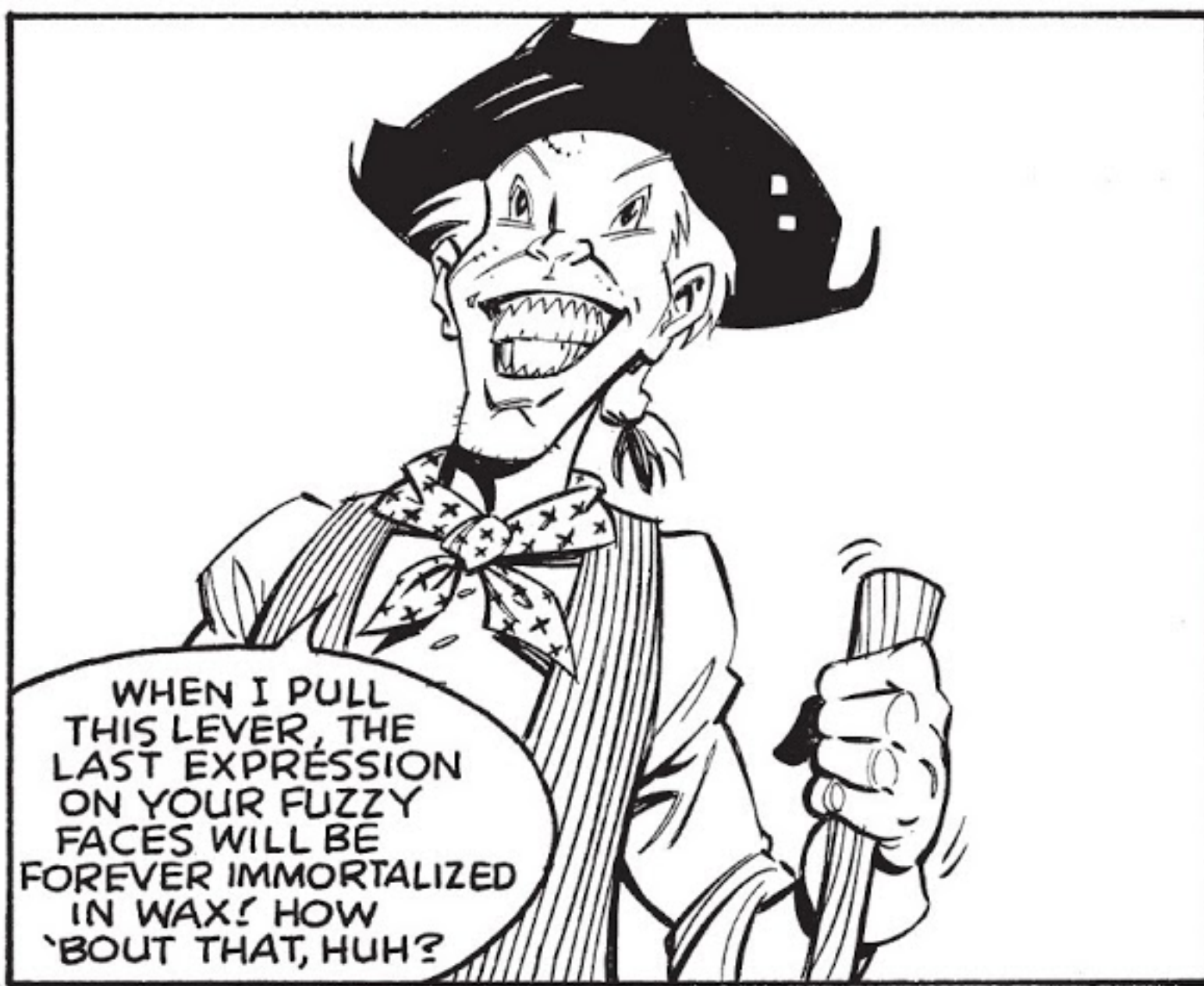
WON'T BE LONG NOW, BOYS. WHEN YOU'RE ACTUALLY IN THE HOT WAX, TRY TO STRIKE INTERESTING POSES. IT'LL BE NEXT TO IMPOSSIBLE TO BEND YOU INTO SHAPE AFTERWARDS.



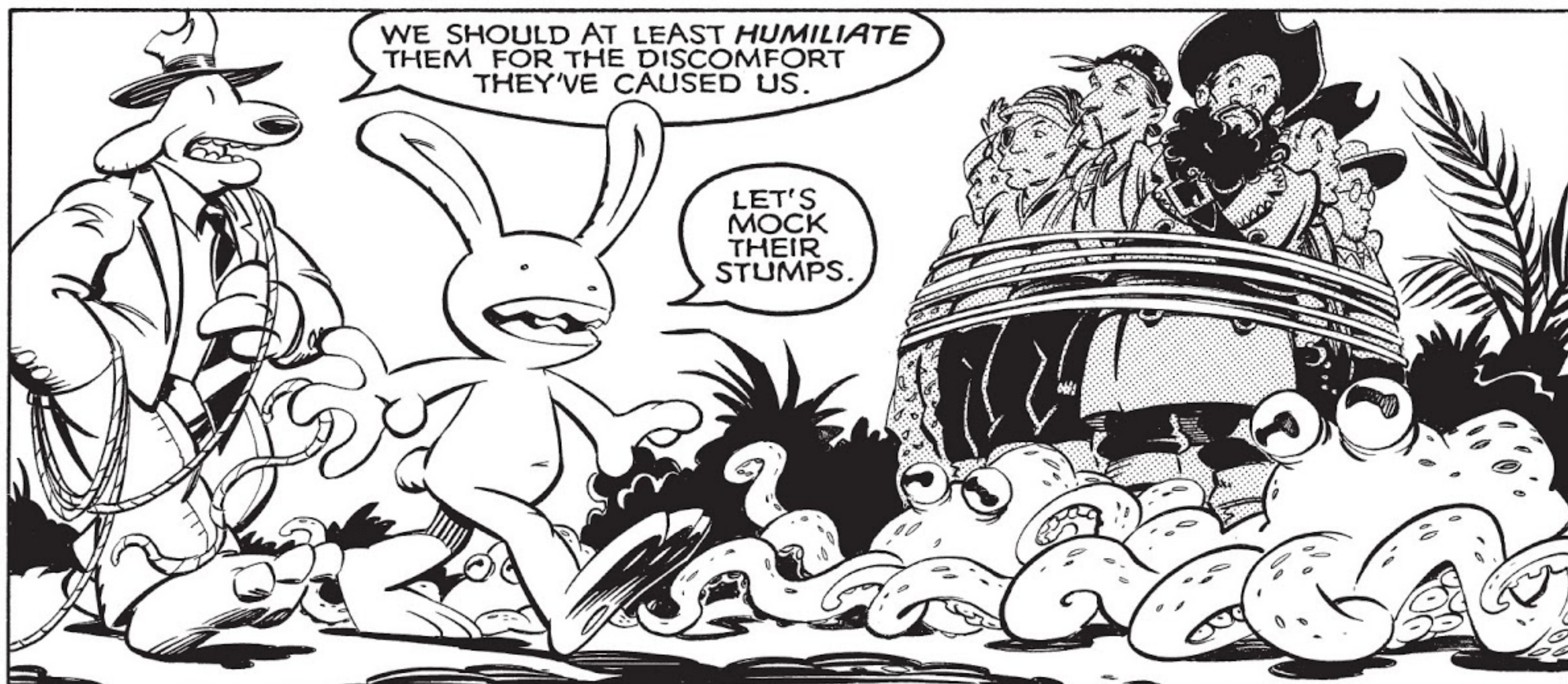
WELL, LITTLE BUDDY, WE'RE ABOUT TO BE DIPPED IN MOLTEN WAX. IT'S ABOUT A HUNDRED AND EIGHTY MILLION DEGREES, AND WE'RE GOING TO BE IN IT!

CHEER UP, SAM! WHAT'S THE WORST THAT COULD HAPPEN?!

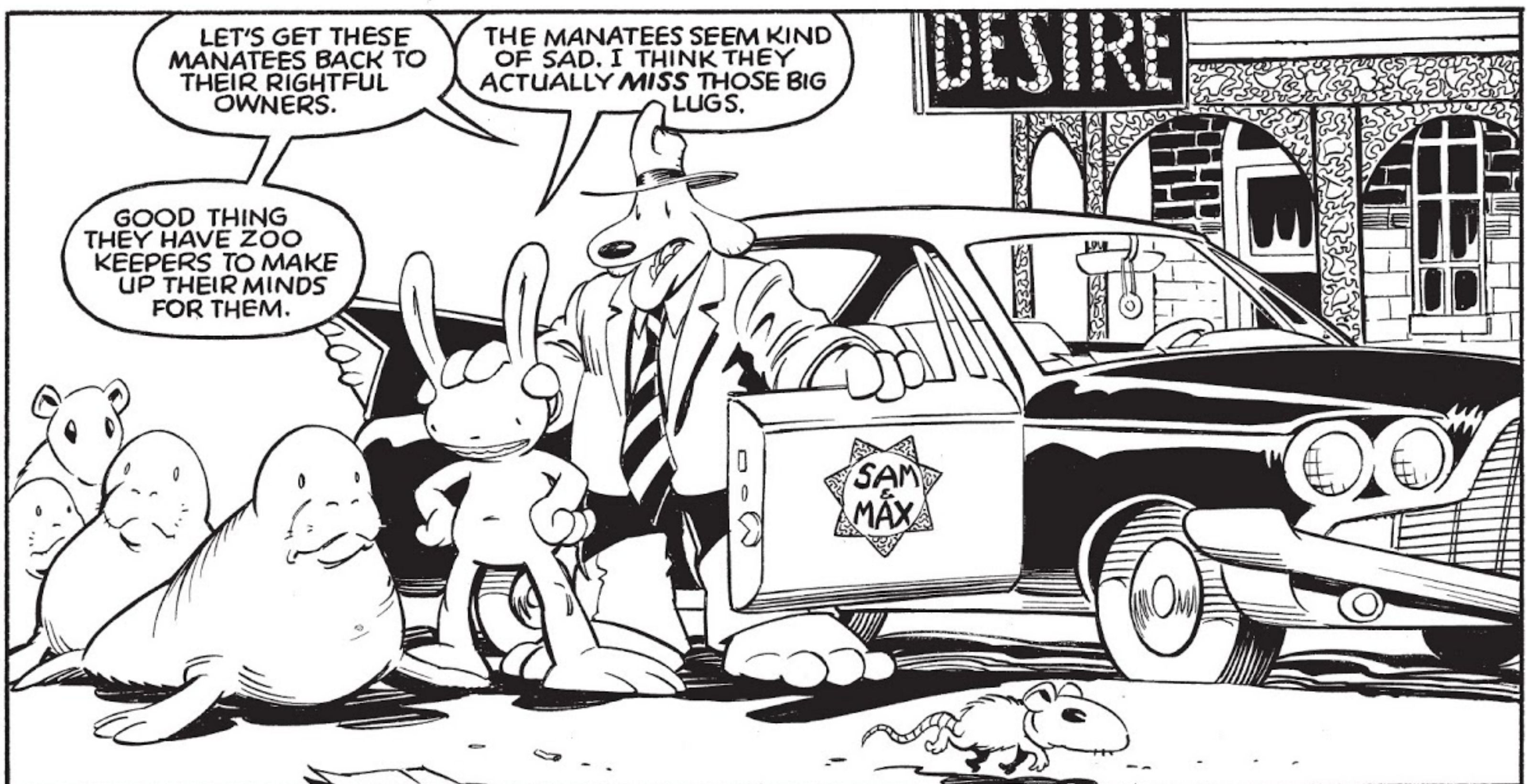




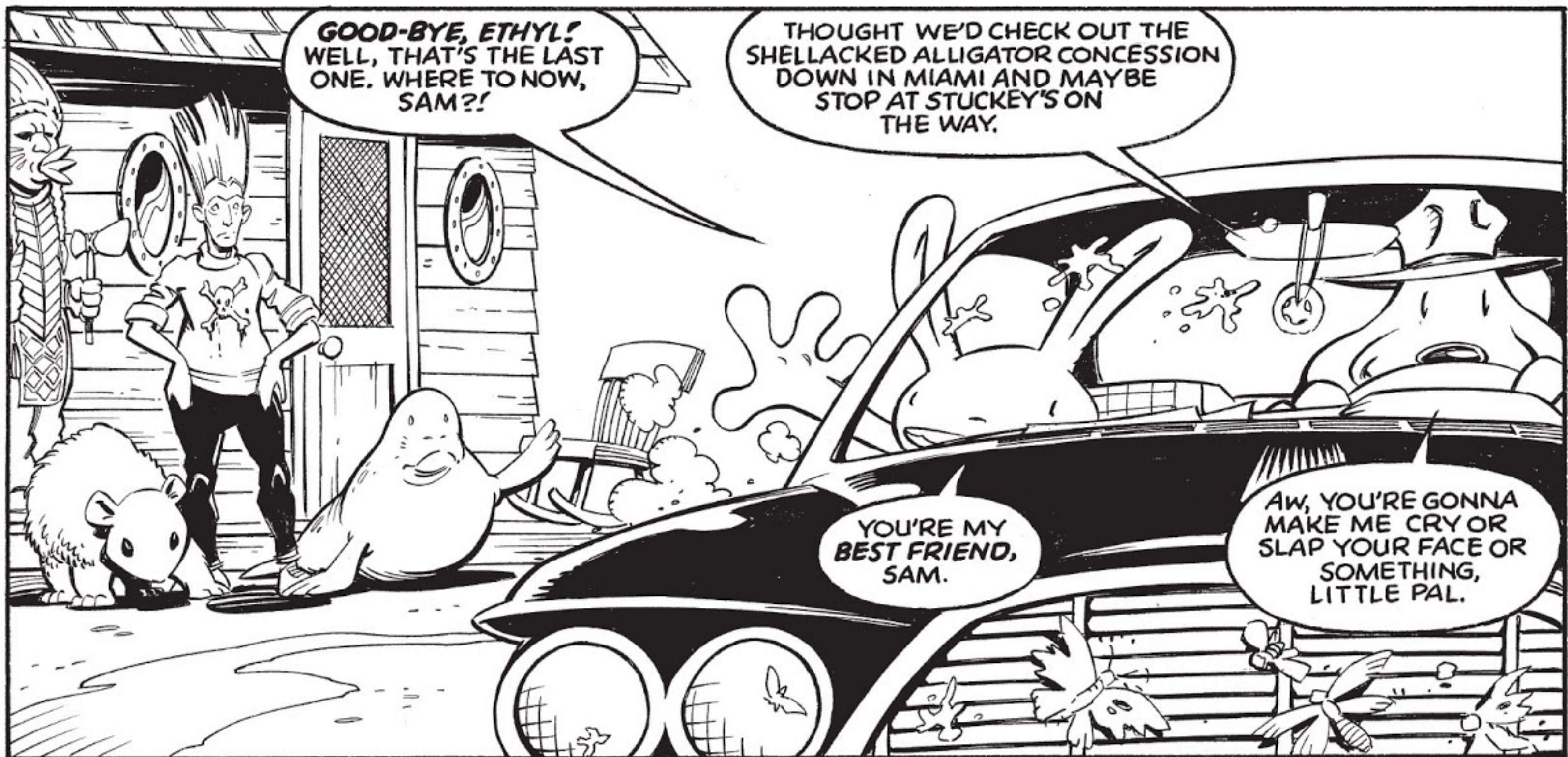














**A SAM & MAX ARTSY-CRAFTSY BIT OF TIME-WASTING NONSENSE!**

# HOW 'BOUT A LOVABLE PAPER BAG MAX-HEAD PUPPET?

HUH? HOW ABOUT IT?

WAAHK  
WAAHK

I LIKE  
IT!

I'VE GOT ONE, AS DO ALL THE PEOPLE I RESPECT AND ADMIRE. AND YOU'LL NEVER KNOW HOW GLAD I AM ABOUT IT.

HERE'S HOW:

CUT THESE SHAPES OUT OF WHITE CONSTRUCTION PAPER.

DRAW MAX'S ADORABLE FEATURES AND THE INSIDE OF HIS GAPING MAW ON THE BAG (IF YOU FEEL AMBITIOUS, YOU CAN INCLUDE EVERYTHING MAX MAY HAVE EATEN IN THE LAST 24 HOURS).

GLUE THEM ONTO A PAPER LUNCH BAG IN A FACE-LIKE CONFIGURATION.

USE IT TO COMMUNICATE IDEAS AND CONCEPTS TO PEOPLE OF OTHER LANDS! MAX'S TERRIFYING HEAD IS A UNIVERSAL SYMBOL OF SOMETHING OR OTHER, I THINK.

MAKE A BUNCH AND USE THEM TO PUT ON TWISTED PUPPET SHOWS FOR THE NEIGHBORHOOD KIDS WHICH WILL AFFECT THEM LATER IN LIFE!

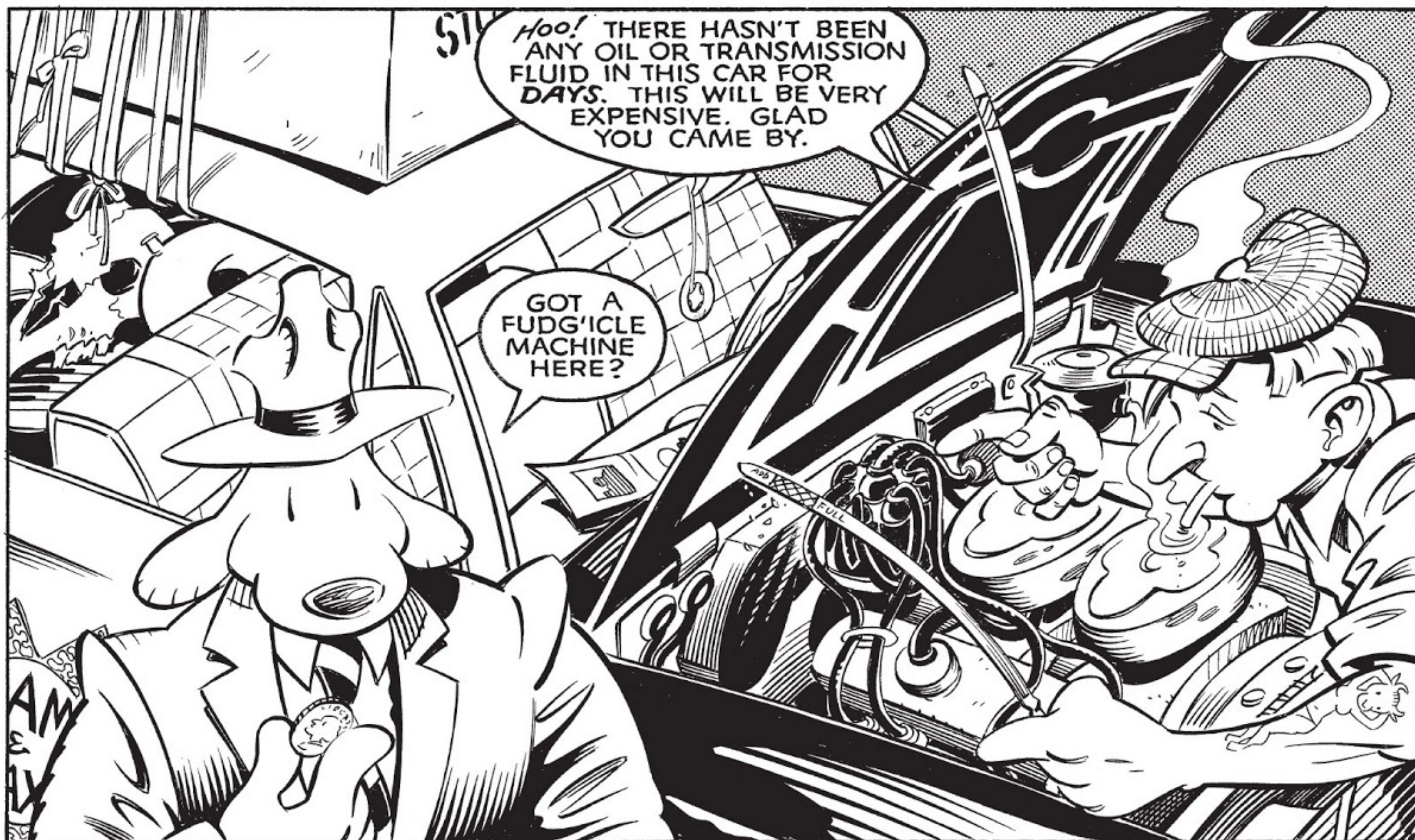
KEEP ONE IN YOUR FIRST-AID KIT AND DON'T FORGET TO KEEP A SPARE IN THE FAMILY CAR! OKAY?



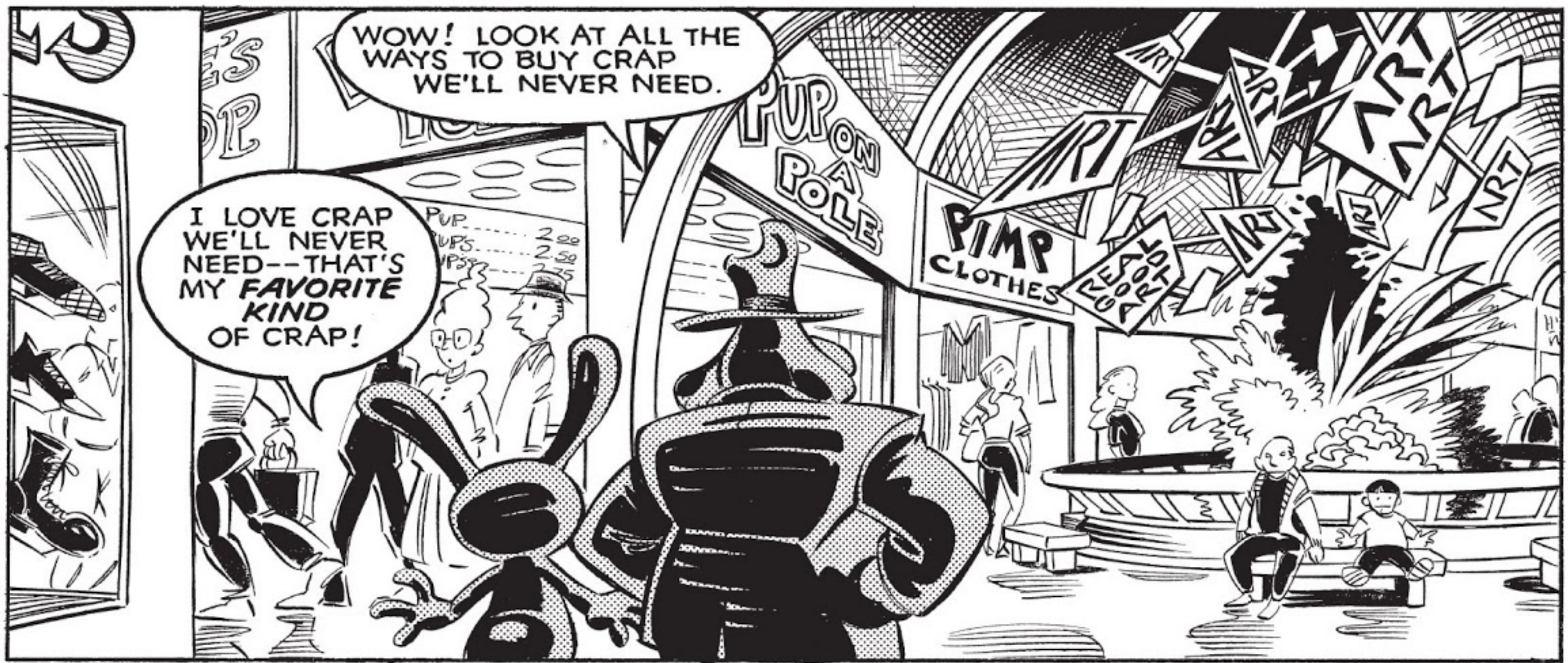
# CHAPTER 3: "CURSE OF THE FACELESS MAN" 77



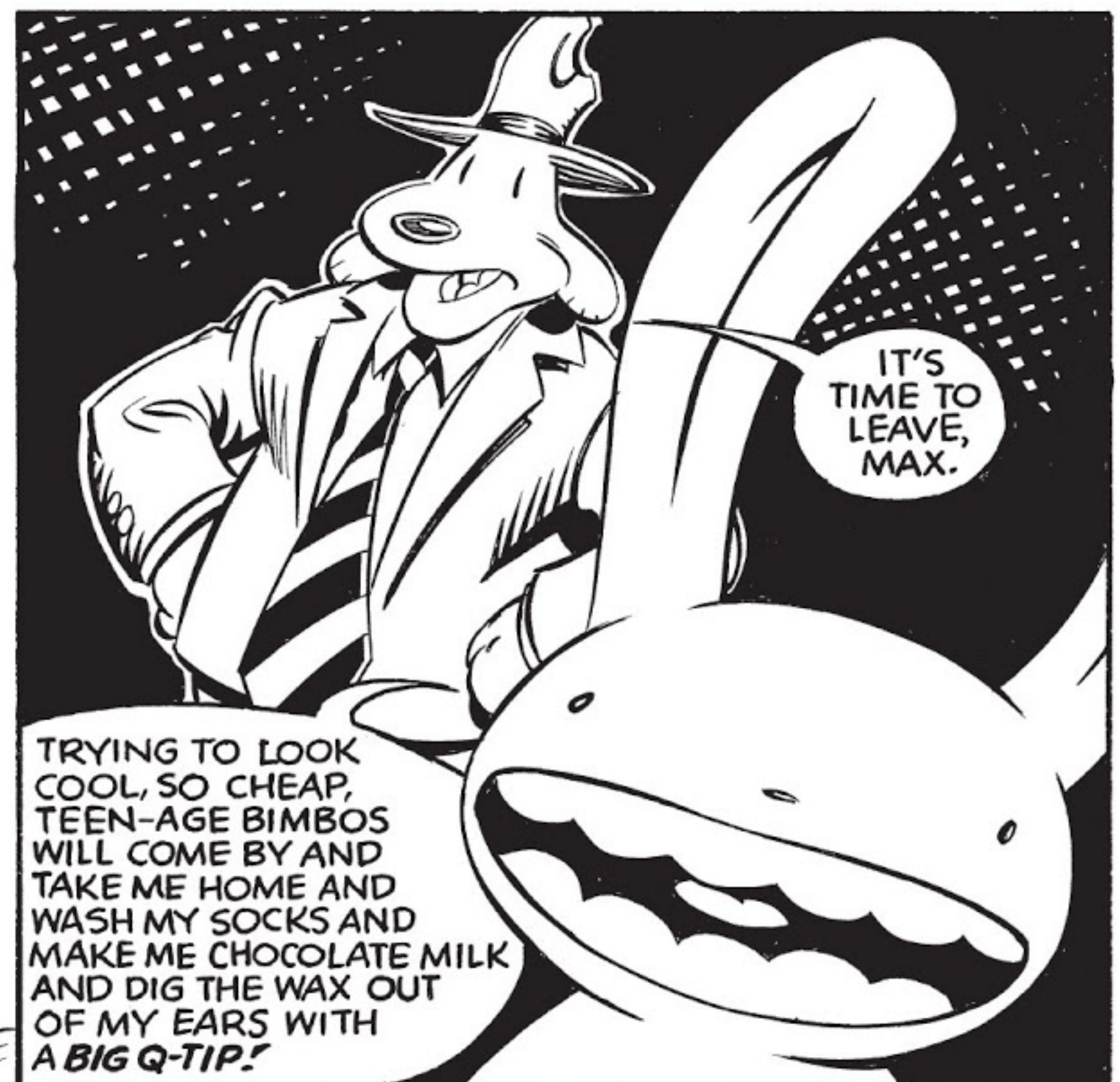








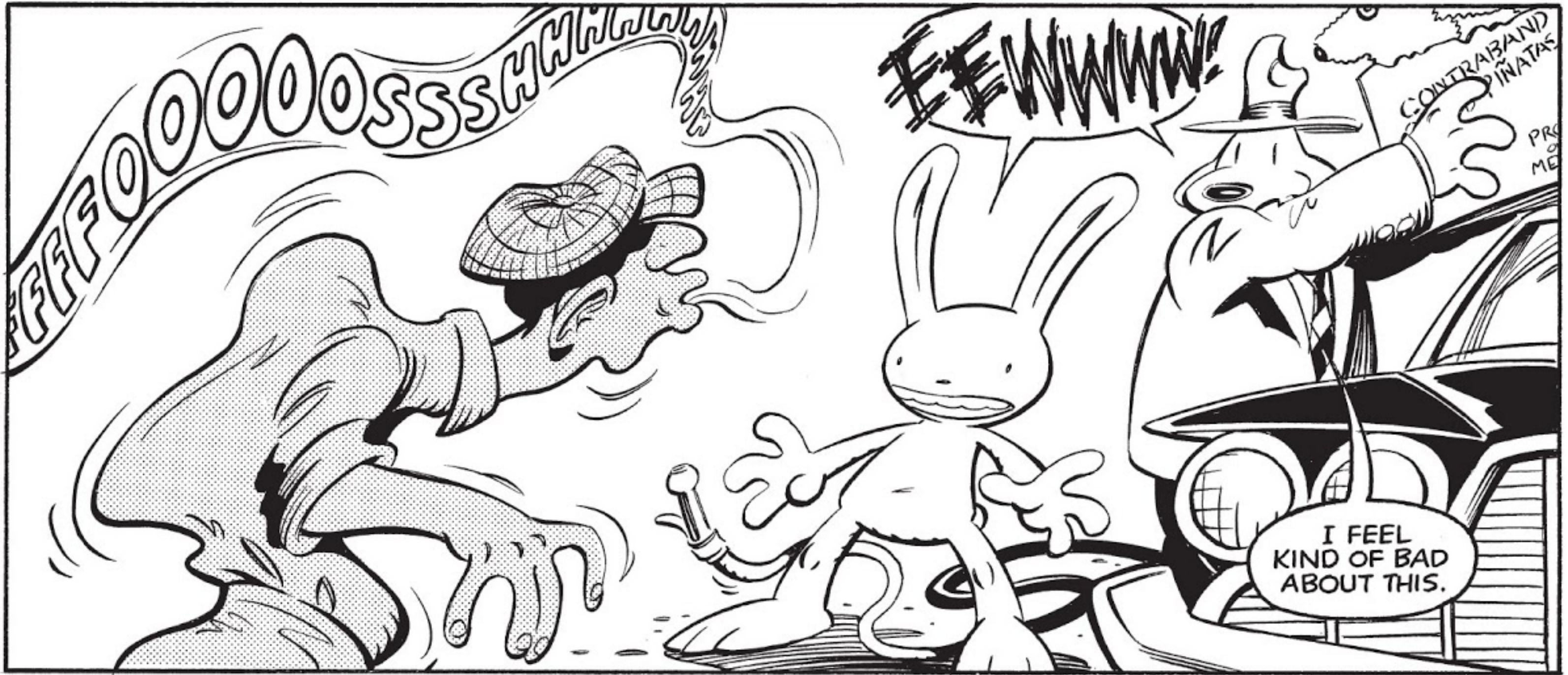
















HEY, SAM! I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE SO GOOD AT THIS!

I'VE BEEN *HIGHWAY SURFING* MOST OF MY LIFE, LITTLE PAL. IT'S AN EXCELLENT WAY TO CAP OFF A SUCCESSFUL ROAD TRIP!

AND IT SEEMS TO BRING JOY TO THE HEARTS OF PASSING BUS LOADS OF SWEATING TOURISTS.

SAM & MAX

YOU BUST ME UP, MAX!

The End



Sam & Max  
PRESENT:

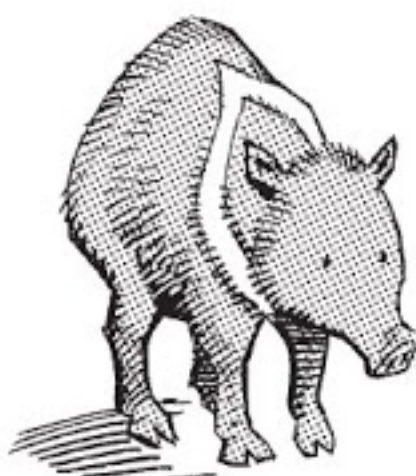
# OUR BEWILDERING UNIVERSE

A NEEDLESS OVERVIEW OF OUR SURROUNDINGS TO PROVOKE EXCHANGES OF IDEAS AND GUNFIRE!

## BAFFLING ANIMAL WONDERS

LOOK AT  
THAT. ISN'T IT  
RIDICULOUS?

MAYBE  
IT WILL LEAVE  
IF WE ALL  
LAUGH AT IT.



## MAX'S WORLD OF DISCOVERY

HERE'S AN  
EXPERIMENT YOU  
CAN DO! LEAVE A  
BAG OF BREAD ON  
TOP OF THE  
REFRIGERATOR FOR A  
LONG TIME. IT WILL  
EVENTUALLY TURN  
GREY AND TASTE BAD.  
NOW THROW IT  
INTO THE STREET.



## SEA MONKEYS ARE NOT PRIMATES!

TRY IMAGINING  
HOW FAR THE UNIVERSE  
EXTENDS! KEEP THINKING  
ABOUT IT UNTIL YOU GO  
INSANE.

DO YOU KNOW THAT  
THE EARTH IS CONSTANTLY  
BEING BOMBARDED BY  
COSMIC RAYS? AND THEY GO  
RIGHT THROUGH THESE DUMB  
SUITS. SOONER OR LATER  
WE'RE ALL GOING TO GET  
SOMETHING WRONG  
WITH US. SEE WHAT I  
MEAN?



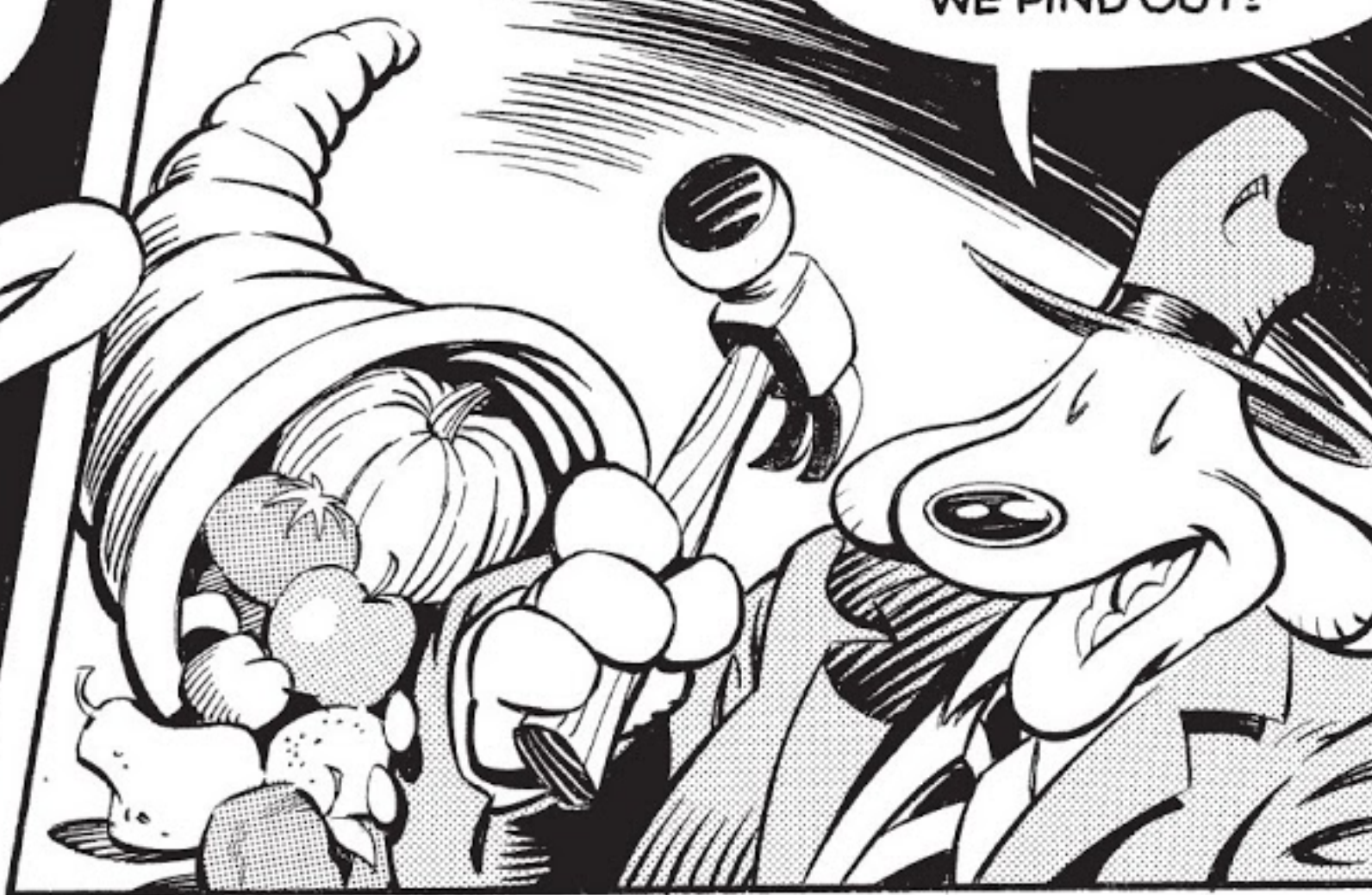
WHO KNOWS WHAT  
WOULD HAPPEN IF ALL AT  
ONCE THEY OPENED ALL  
THE LOCKS IN THE  
PANAMA CANAL?  
I DON'T!

ME  
NEITHER, BUT  
IT WOULD  
PROBABLY BE  
HORRIBLE!



## AMAZING PRODUCE

WHICH FRUIT OR  
VEGETABLE IS MOST  
RESILIENT WHEN  
YOU THROW HAMMERS  
AT IT? HOW CAN  
WE FIND OUT?





# SAM & MAX'S DISGUISE O RAMA

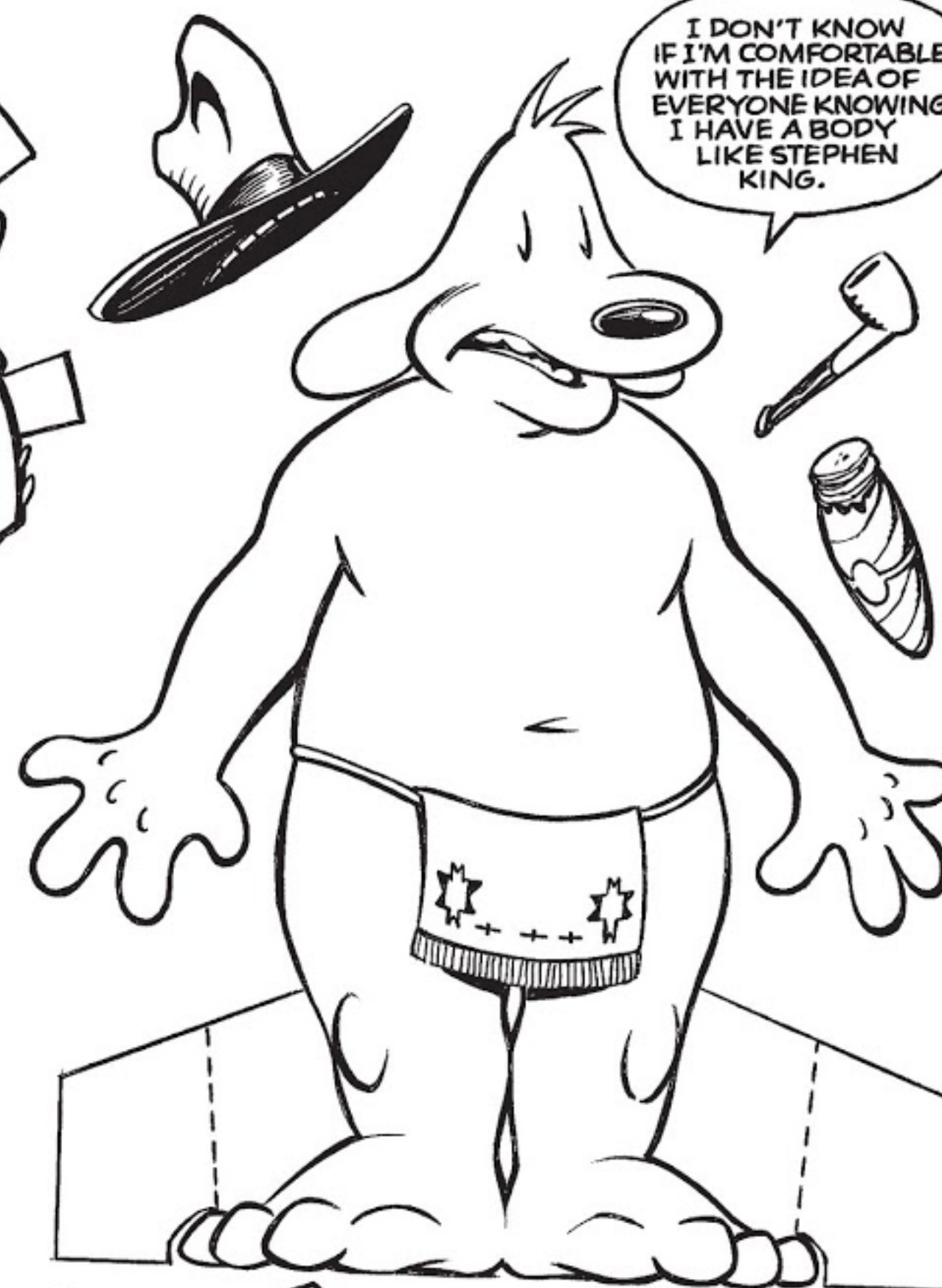
WHAT COULD BE MORE ENJOYABLE THAN DRESSING AND STRIPPING EVERYONE'S MOST BELOVED PIN-HEADED CARTOON CHARACTERS? OR ANYONE ELSE FOR THAT MATTER! PASTE THESE PAGES ONTO HEAVY PAPER OR PLYWOOD AND CUT THEM OUT WITH A HACKSAW! NOW!

OH, FOR THE LOVE OF GOD! DON'T CUT THE BOOK UP AND THEN HAVE TO BUY A SECOND COPY!

GOSH NO! YOU SHOULD SEAL THIS ONE IN AN ACID-FREE PLEXIGLASS CUBE, BURY IT IN YOUR YARD AND JUST THINK ABOUT ALL THE FUN YOU MIGHT'VE HAD.



SAM'S STANDARD ISSUE GREY SUIT HELPS DIFFUSE THE POTENTIAL HORROR OF THE SIGHT OF A BLATHERING, UPRIGHT-WALKING, SIX-FOOT DOG.



I DON'T KNOW IF I'M COMFORTABLE WITH THE IDEA OF EVERYONE KNOWING I HAVE A BODY LIKE STEPHEN KING.

MAX'S AUTHENTIC PIMP SUIT ALLOWS HIM TO INVESTIGATE MOST FRIGHTENING, URBAN, CRIME-INFESTED UNDERBELLIES. SOMEWHERE IS A THREE-FOOT NAKED PIMP.



WHAT'S A PIMP?

MAX FOUND THESE IN THE DUMPSTER BEHIND BURGER BOY. HE IS CONFUSED BY SINISTER RUMORS ABOUT WHAT THEY MIGHT BE.



MAX'S BLOOD-CAKED SMOCK



I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR THAT!

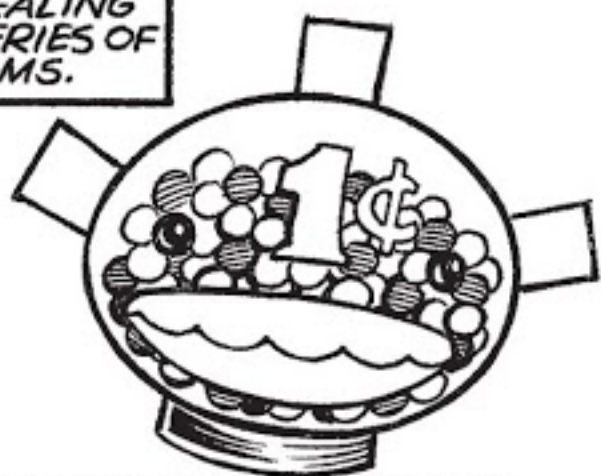
SCUBA OUTFIT: FOR CLIMACTIC UNDERWATER FIGHT SCENES OR EXPLORING THE FANTASTIC WORLD OF THE NEW YORK SEWER SYSTEM.



BLOOD-CAKED BERET



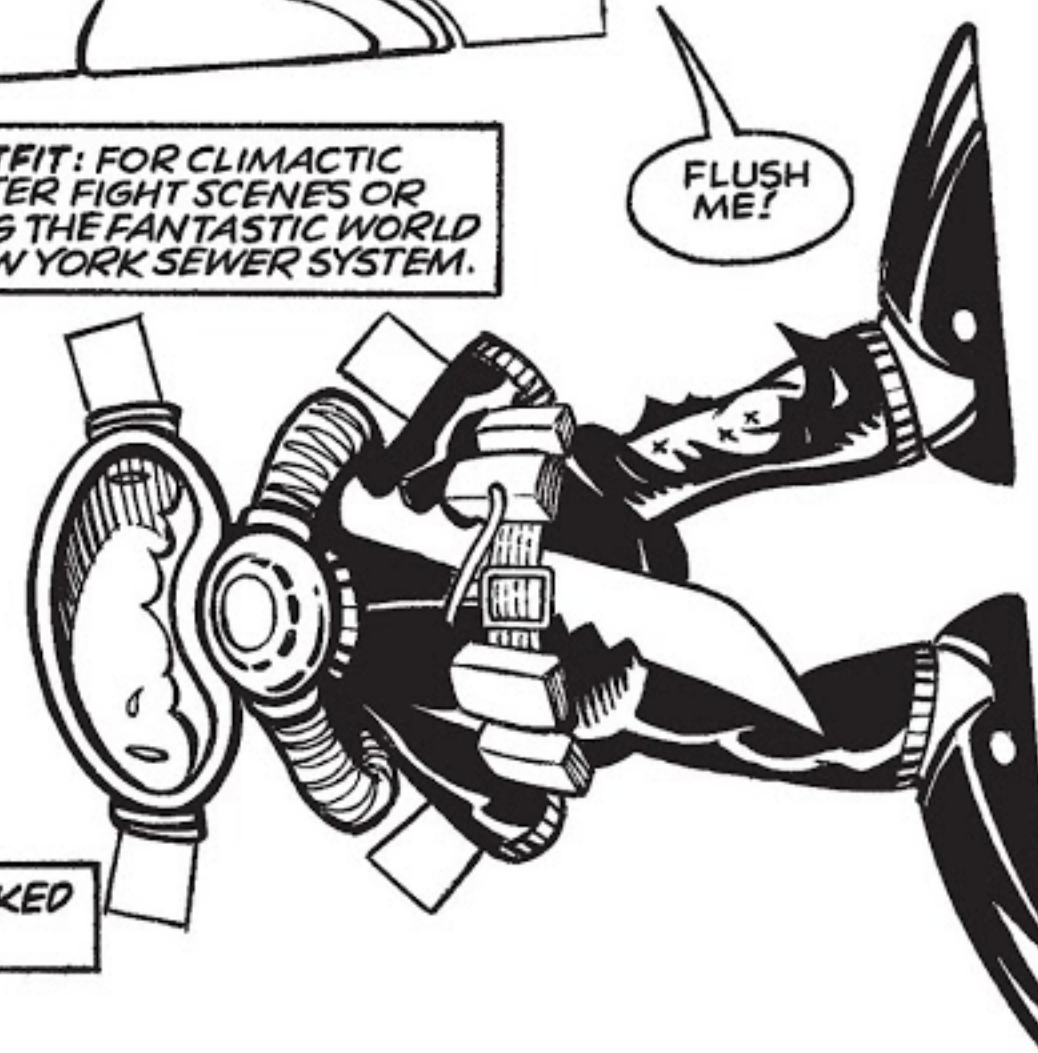
CRUDE METHOD OF CONCEALING MAX'S IDENTITY IN HIS SERIES OF POORLY-FOCUSED STAG FILMS.



MAX'S HEAD IS NOT UNLIKE THE SHAPE OF AN OLD-STYLE GUM MACHINE--



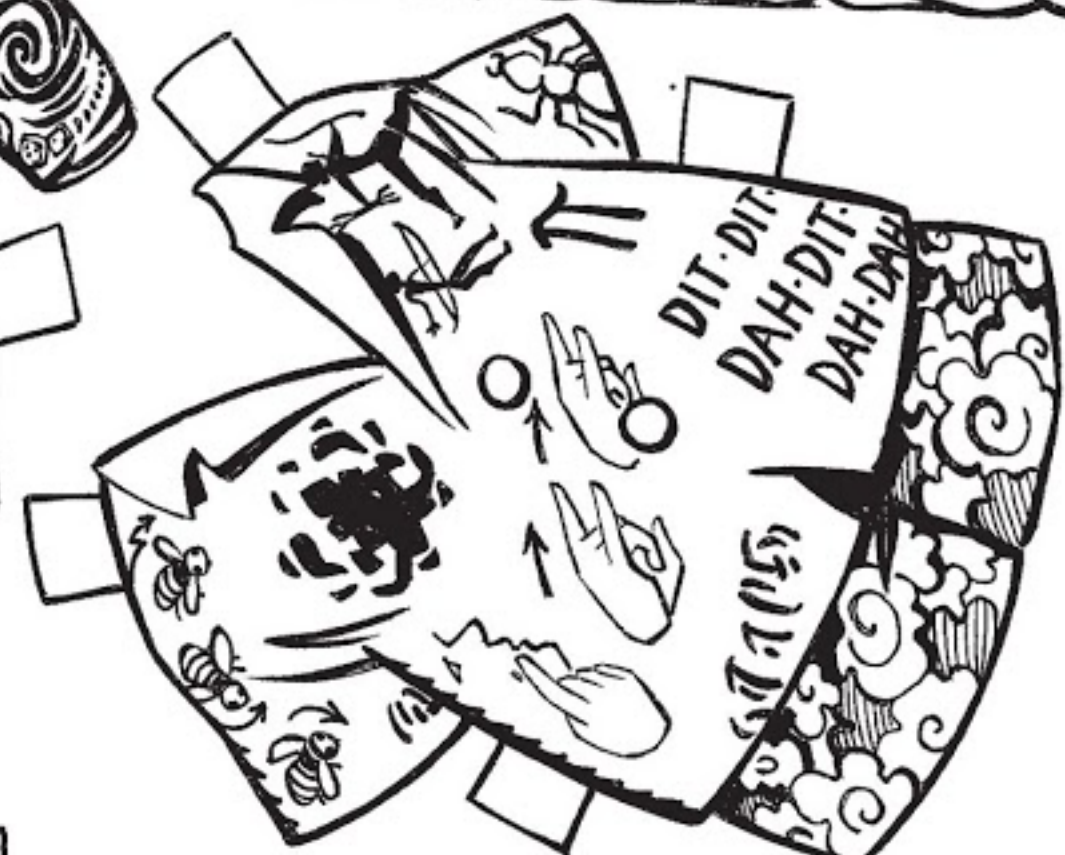
--OR FESTIVE HOLIDAY GOURD.



FLUSH ME!



ILLUSTRATED GUY: SAM COULD USE THIS OUTFIT TO INFILTRATE A GROUP OF SNAKE HANDLERS OR QUAIN, MOTORCYCLING ENTHUSIASTS.



SECRETLY ENCODED HAWAIIAN SHIRT: SAM'S SEDUCTIVE, WRITHING NATIVE DANCE COULD CONVEY A SIGNIFICANT MESSAGE IN THE RIGHT CIRCLES. OR INSPIRE A SHOOTING.



